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JUNE - 1924

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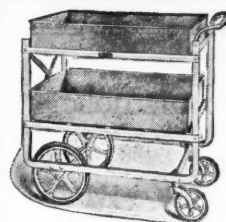


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Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911. Decree of Praise, June 14, 1915.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE SEMINARY AND ADMINISTRATION is situated above the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City, at Ossining (Maryknoll P. O.), N. Y. Students in the Seminary make the usual six-year course in philosophy and theology.

The general management of the Society and the publication of its two periodicals, *The Field Afar* and *The Maryknoll Junior*, are carried on at this center.

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IN EASTERN ASIA.

THE first band of four Maryknoll priests left for China in September, 1918, and were assigned to a field in Kwangtung. Today, Maryknollers count on the field forty-two—twenty priests, four Brothers, and eighteen Sisters—with missions in Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Korea. The center of communication and of supplies for the various missions in China is the Maryknoll Mission Procure, 19 Chatham Road, Kowloon, Hongkong. The central house of the Sisters in China is the Maryknoll Convent, 40 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hongkong.

Communications for Korea may be addressed to the Very Rev. P. J. Byrne, Tenshudo, Gishu, North Heianto, Korea.

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THE FIELD AFAR, Vol. XVIII, No. 6. Published the first of every month, except August, at Maryknoll, N. Y. Subscription, \$1.00 a year, in advance.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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THE FIELD AFAR

JUNE, 1924

Father James E. Walsh, Nominated Prefect Apostolic of Kongmoon



Action of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Gives Formal Approbation to the
Work of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

A FEW weeks after the welcome announcement from Rome that Sancian Island, the scene of St. Francis Xavier's holy death, had been entrusted to Maryknoll, came the appointment of our first Prefect Apostolic.

The news was not unexpected, but it was good to know that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda had put its seal on the appointment of Fr. James Edward Walsh as Prefect Apostolic of the first American Mission in China.

Fr. Walsh is known to many of our readers. He happens to bear, in part, the name of Maryknoll's Superior, but there is no relationship other than spiritual. The young Fr. Walsh, or Fr. "James E." as he is often called, is a native of Cumberland, Maryland, a son of Mr. William E. Walsh, a very well known lawyer of that city, and Mary Concannon, of Montegut, Louisiana.

He is an alumnus of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, representing the third generation of his family to be graduated from that historic institution, and he has the distinction of being one of the six pioneer students to enter Maryknoll in the fall of 1911.

That first year, Fr. Walsh followed several courses of study at the New York Diocesan Seminary, Dunwoodie, and he is well remembered by New York priests then students.

He was ordained to the priesthood in the pro-Seminary chapel of Maryknoll, December 7, 1915, by the late Bishop Maurice Foley, of the Philippine Islands, and was

assigned later to the direction of the Maryknoll Preparatory College, then in its struggling beginnings.



FATHER JAMES EDWARD WALSH, OF CUMBERLAND, MD., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF THE FIRST AMERICAN MISSION IN CHINA.

In 1918, after the Maryknoll Superior had returned from his visit to the Far East, Fr. Walsh, with Frs. Ford and Meyer, all three under the late Father Price, as Superior, made up the pioneer group of Maryknoll missionaries, and left the United States in September of that year. When Father Price died at Hongkong the following September, 1919, Fr. Walsh, who had been serving as his first assistant, replaced him, and, since then, against many difficulties, has fulfilled the important post of Acting Superior.

The Maryknoll missionaries were encouraged to have their American mission after two years, but they themselves requested postponement, and, as their request was agreeable to all concerned, they have continued until now, nominally under the kindly bishops of Canton, although practically independent.

A more important question to be settled has been, all along, the right place for a center, and the right place was not in the district to which they were at first limited. Within the past year, however, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda has studied the ground carefully and accepted recommendations generously made by neighboring bishops of the Paris Foreign Missions, with the gratifying result that the very conveniently located city of Kongmoon has been assigned as the center of the first American mission.

This was well worth waiting for, and, with Sancian Island unexpectedly added, all Maryknollers at home and abroad are happy in anticipation of a promising development.

BUT (that conjunction is sure to bob up) while our French confrères had developed properties in other cities occupied by Maryknollers, there is actually, at Kongmoon, not a foot of land nor a single brick owned by the Church, and the center of a considerable mission should have land and buildings to the value, even in China, of fifty thousand dollars, an impossible sum to expect from

YOU SAW THEIR ADVERTISEMENT IN THE FIELD AFAR.

Maryknoll at home, which is building, and, as a matter of course, is under heavy obligations.

So, after five years in China, Fr. Walsh came home to gather for the center. He dreaded the ordeal and was really tempted to turn back before stepping on the shore at Seattle; but Providence led him eastwards to Boston, and, to his great relief, the doors of that great missionary diocese were thrown open to him by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

Immediately the priests of Boston responded with invitations, and it is not an exaggeration to say that no missionary in quest of the wherewithal to develop his work has ever experienced such universal kindness and sympathy as that given to this young American from China.

Fr. Walsh will have completed his quest in the Boston Archdiocese by the time these lines are read, and it looks now as if the first American Mission Center in China will be credited exclusively to the generosity of the Archdiocese of Boston.

What he has received or will receive from other sources, he will devote to needs of his prefecture outside the center. He plans to return to his mission, by way of Rome, in September.

As Prefect Apostolic, Fr. Walsh will have, in his own prefecture, practically the authority of a bishop and is entitled to the rank of Monsignor, and the privileges of a Prothonotary Apostolic. He will also have power to confirm, and to give tonsure and Minor Orders to students for the priesthood.

It is worthy to note that he is the first American born Prefect Apostolic in China.

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Mother Mary Joseph En Route.

A PLACE of interest which we visited, in a remote and very poor section of Canton, was a convent-to-be and school for the poor, erected by a Miss Wong who is trying to start a native sisterhood. The house is very fine but badly located near swamps and drains, and she, herself, an intelligent young woman, trained by the Immaculate Conception Sisters, seems full of piety and zeal. She has four or five associates and quite a few girls who make vestments and linens to support the work.

Having heard much of the mission at Shiuhing, under the Portuguese Jesuits, aided by Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, we had planned to accept their invitation extended to our Sisters more than once, to visit them, and, as the route from Canton was fairly direct, we left the city early in the morning, January 4, crossing the river by ferry and taking a train for Sam Shui, a customs port where all boats going up and down the West River must stop for inspection.

For about four hours we passed through a level plain, broken by occasional low hills, every available inch of which was covered with rice paddies or growing vivid greens which resembled our Swiss chard and taste something like it, so that the ride was picturesque and very restful after the closeness and the crowds in Canton. We had fellow-missioners for companions, a Presbyterian lady and her husband from somewhere in the States. At Sam Shui we learned that their mission in a neighboring town is very flourishing and that they are zealous even to the extent of trying to convert the Catholic missionary of that section.

We lunched with the Chief Customs Officer and his wife, delightfully hos-

pitable French people, whose home is filled with treasures of Chinese art: pictures, furniture, embroideries, and curios of every kind.

The river steamer was entirely à la chinoise, Sister Paul, Sister Imelda, and I being the only whites on board. Our late arrival caused some grumbling, but our escort made us personages of importance and we were provided with bamboo stools at the bow, right in front of the pilot, so that we had a perfect view of the beautiful West River, winding through gorges, its banks dotted with little villages, temples, shrines, and an occasional pagoda, and flanked on both sides with hills ever-changing in lights and shadows as the sun set. Fr. McShane had extolled the beauties of the river, and had not done them justice. I have since seen the Yangtze, renowned for its scenery, and to my mind, it is not lovelier than the West River, which will be the route which our Sisters take when the new house is opened in Loting.

Shiuhing was manifest a long distance off by a huge pagoda—the largest I have seen—which towers above the city and guards the entrance to it.

It was dark when the boat anchored in the stream and let down a single, very narrow, very long plank to make contact with the shore. My heart sank when I saw it, and had we not already seen the familiar gray mantle of the Franciscan Sisters and answered their wave of welcome, I'd have settled back on my stool and gone with the boat till it docked somewhere. As it was, I made the attempt, held aloft, I am sure, by a host of angels, and reached the shore safely, and, oh, so thankfully. The Superior of the house, Mother Catherine of Sienna, and her assistant

greeted us warmly. We had given them only a proximate date of arrival and this was the third time they had come to meet us. We ascended a very long flight of stone steps at the top of which was a blaze of lights, for it was long after dark, throngs of Chinese, a very Babel of tongues, and my pet abomination—chairs—which were waiting to take us to the convent. I was glad enough to be set down after the long ride through narrow streets, some brilliantly lighted and crowded, others inky black and abandoned, up stairs and down again, and always with the fear that the poles would break, and then, where would I be, poor thing! I may add, for truth's sake, that the weary bearers were even more relieved than I was.

It was so dark that we could make nothing of the compound; we were conscious only of the warmest kind of welcome from every one and of feeling perfectly at home with our Sisters in religion. There was first, of course, our visit to Jesus in the Sacrament of His Love, to thank Him for our safe journey. None of us can appreciate what He has done for us on this trip, for in so many cases we have escaped by a day or a night, accidents, fighting, pirates. Traveling in China these days is not simple.

A welcome, delicious, hot dinner served by Sister Columba, an Irish Sister, who had met Father Superior on his trip to the mission, came next; and then, too tired to keep our eyes open, we were literally put to bed, and knew nothing more till a knock on the door announced that it was time to get up for Mass.

There are only seven Sisters in the mission and there is so much work that it is not possible to have Exposition every day. They have it, however, every Friday, except in July and August. You may be sure we enjoyed the privilege during our four days in that blessed house. It seemed quite natural to have Fr. Chan, the Chinese priest whom many of you met at Maryknoll, say Mass.

The chapel itself is simple but in excellent taste, and with the crib and Christmas decorations still in evidence, was very attractive. The children—

orphans and blind—boarders, and "virgins" sang the hymns for Benediction. Their voices were sweet and their Latin clear and well pronounced. What struck us most was the decorum of these young Chinese girls; they were so devout, so orderly, well-mannered, and gentle. And outside, later, in the compound where they met us and sang for us, we found them lively as crickets, and their relations to the Sisters ideal—simple, frank, free, and yet very respectful. Indeed, I should count ourselves fortunate if we can train our children in just this same manner.

After breakfast, we visited the compound, which is not large enough for the rapidly-growing work of the Sisters. The house is very commodious

"Catechists," writes one of our missionaries, "seem to be as necessary to the priest in charge, as priests are to a bishop."

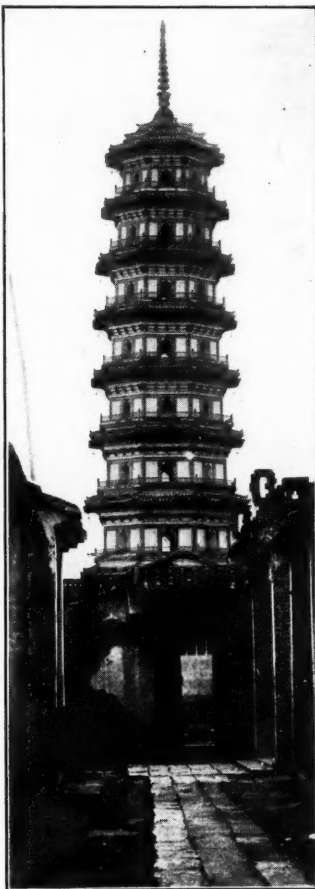
and was given to the Sisters by the Bishop of Macao to replace that in Macao itself which they had to give up during political troubles some ten years ago. One large room on the ground floor is given over to embroidery, vestments, and linens. Most of the workers are women who are paid according to their skill; those who are not Christian study the doctrine.

There are other buildings, with classrooms, dormitories, refectory for the boarders, and accommodations for the orphans. The dispensary is a hired room down the road from the convent. We spent some time there and marveled at the skill of the Sister who handled the most dreadful sores with apparent unconcern. She is a graduate nurse and registered pharmacist, and worked in the Balkans during the trouble two years ago, so that her present tasks seem simple.

Last May the city was besieged for three weeks and finally taken by the Kwangtung forces. During that period the compound was under constant fire and several of the thousand refugees there were killed. Mother Catherine showed us two boxes of shells picked up on the grounds, and any number of holes in and out of the convent. Outside their gate the dead were heaped up for days. In thanksgiving for their own safety, they hope to build a shrine to our Blessed Lady, and use the shells for decoration.

In the afternoon we walked through the town and called on the Jesuits, who have a fine property and are at present building a beautiful school. They have a large orchestra, Fr. Chan having brought the instruments from America. There is also some excellent industrial work done there in wood carving, pottery, silver, and small statuary.

These priests suffered, too, during the war, as their property is bounded



THE FA PAGODA, CANTON.

Perhaps there are souls waiting in far-off lands for your ministrations. Pray to know God's will in your regard.

AN ATTRACTIVE AND INTERESTING BOOK.

by that part of the city wall which the invading forces undermined and dynamited. There were at least four thousand refugees with them, and many, many lives were lost, especially in the wholesale butchery which followed the taking of the city.

On our way back we visited Fr. Lucas's church and house. The church, built by the Paris Foreign Mission priests is being remodeled with American money. These Fathers and two others whose missions we visited later, were loud in their praise of American generosity, which has enabled them to make progress which would otherwise have been impossible.

After supper, at recreation, we listened to stories of their martyrs and of Sister Assunta, a lay Sister known to some of them, whose cause is up for beatification. No one knew of her beautiful life as she worked at her cooking day in, day out. She died of a disease so loathsome that she had to be kept apart from the rest of the house; but when the end came all foulness had disappeared and a delightful fragrance came from her body, which, when exhumed after several years, was found intact.

The next day, Sunday, was Epiphany,

their foundation day, the date on which their Constitutions were approved, and because it was a great feast day for us, too, Mother Catherine planned a picnic to the Marble Mountains of Tung-on, about five miles distant.

There was special music for Mass, the best vestments and rugs, flowers on the altar, so that we felt we were almost at Maryknoll, where our spirits were on that day. We had an early lunch and started off, a group of perhaps fifty, counting the children.

The Marble Mountains are several low mountains of solid marble—experts say there are at least seven kinds of marble with lapis lazuli in some strata of enormous value—which are considered sacred and are dotted here and there with monasteries. Many of them have been taken as quarters for the soldiers. There are many subterranean passages and caves in which shrines have been set up. We visited the most beautiful one, the Grotto of the Virgin, and truly lovely it was. One cannot help feeling that our own Blessed Mother is prefigured in China by this most artistic statue of a gentle, merciful goddess guarded on each side by lesser gods.

As we went through the passages,

they resounded to the "Ave Maris Stella," which we sang from full and grateful hearts.

Before entering the grotto we had partaken of the lunch provided, a gift to Mother Catherine. From somewhere in the ruins of the monastery through which we were to pass to gain entrance to the grotto, the children brought a great arm chair, in which I was enthroned; then they filed before me and drew their patrons for the year. I myself drew Saint Raphael, the best of patrons for a traveler. After this, Mother Catherine filled my lap with small cakes in one of which was a bean. The little girl who drew this cake was given custody for the year of a framed picture of the Divine Babe, and was dubbed "Queen." Strangely enough, the worst youngster in the school was the lucky one, and her successful draw was greeted by the laughter of her little companions and then by applause as she went back to her place, hugging her treasure.

It was dark when we reached the convent, and anxious Sisters fearful of some accident, were awaiting our return. A hot dinner, a short recreation, early night prayers, and we were off to bed after one of the happiest days we had spent in the Orient.



THE SACRED MARBLE MOUNTAINS OF TUNG-ON.
One of which contains a Grotto of the Virgin.

They Say That

MORE than three hundred millions of people in China live on the cultivation of the land.

Our School Department welcomes inquiries for information regarding Catholic schools.

Twice, in the past year, American students at Louvain, Belgium, have sent to Maryknoll, breviaries, a welcome gift, the more appreciated because of their source.

Many non-Catholic colleges in this country have adopted educational institutions in Asia.

For example: Mount Holyoke College is sister college to Madras; Vassar College has adopted Tokyo College; and Wellesley is a sister college to Yenching.

Intellectual circles in Japan are beginning to take an interest in the Catholic religion. The recent conversion of a Japanese university professor, the poet Miki, attracted much attention. He was invited to address the Catholic youth of Tokyo, and more than a thousand Japanese pagans asked to attend the lecture.

The French-speaking Catholics of Canada are completing their Foreign Mission Seminary at Pont-Vaiu, not far from Montreal. Canon J. A. Rock, pastor of the Cathedral of Joliette, appointed Superior by the bishop of the province, has been steadily at work on the foundation of this splendid enterprise and the newly-built house will be opened next September.

"Monsignor Yang" has a new touch about it. The Monsignori will invade the ranks of the Chinese clergy.

At least a start was recently made when Fr. Lawrence Yang, of the Canton Mission, was made a Chamberlain by His Holiness Pope Pius XI.

Fr. Yang's purple will doubtless last his lifetime, as he is now

DEPARTURE!

WITHIN A FEW WEEKS

**We must PUT ACROSS
the Pacific Ocean**

FIFTEEN MARYKNOLLERS

**The cost for outfit and passage for
each will be five hundred dollars.
SPONSOR ONE IF YOU CAN.**

eighty-two years old. He came from an old Christian family and his beautiful priestly life has been full of self-denial and merits.

The Number 13 issue of *The Call of the Missions*, which is issued annually by the *Catholic Missionary Aid Society of Pittsburgh, Pa.*, must have opened the eyes of stay-at-homes.

The issue is practically made up of articles written by natives of the Pittsburgh diocese, priests and Sisters now engaged in mission work here in America or on foreign fields. The contributors include:

- Rev. Timothy McDermott, C.P.,
of Kienyang, Hunan, China
- Rev. H. F. Clark, Athens, Georgia
- Rev. Francis X. Clougherty, Kai-feng, Honan, China
- Rev. P. Agatho Rolf, O.M.Cap.,
Tsinchow, Kansu, China
- Rev. William Stephens Kress,
Los Angeles, California
- Rev. Rudolph Blockinger, O.M.
Cap., Kingyang, Kansu,
China

We like to read letters written by our ambitious young Orientals in America, but progress is sometimes so rapid that the letters lose their spark. Here, however, is one from a Japanese boy who came for a short period under the direction of Maryknoll Sisters. He writes to the Superioress:

I received your kind letter. I read it with a great excitement which composed from a mingled idea of joy and shame. Please, my dear Sister, pardon my negligency as I did not send you any note for a long long time. But I offer many thanks and glory for such a friend who is ever faithful to me.

There are also several lovely holy pictures and a pray card enveloping within. My Sister, as you know I love the Image of Child Jesus, as your beautiful present gives me an immense gladness to my poor heart. I shall return many thanks to you in my prayers to God.

I am very well both the spirit and body as you are and receiving Holy Communion almost every day. I have reading the book "The Following Christ," which you gave to me with a combination of precious words long ago yet I was in the first grade of A B C school.

If you see a dozen houses in China, one is a school. If you see a hundred dozen schools, one is a Catholic school. Help us increase the proportion—\$500 will build a school.

IS NOW ONE HUNDRED TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND.

Our New Missions.



FR. CAIRNS, THE SANDY PASTOR OF FACHOW.

OUR undaunted "Scotch pote" has landed with his bagpipes in *Fachow* and he has been sneezing ever since.

We refer, as some of our old friends know, to Fr. Cairns whose name has decorated many a sheet of paper since—and before—he sailed across the Pacific. Fr. Cairns is always in fine fettle, and writes:

Fr. Fletcher and I have been traveling nearly two days, and we haven't yet covered our thirty-five miles.

I'd like to have with me on this boat right now, that old man from Topeka, who said: "I wish we could get some fast transportation in America; I'm tired of having to ride a whole day to go a thousand miles."

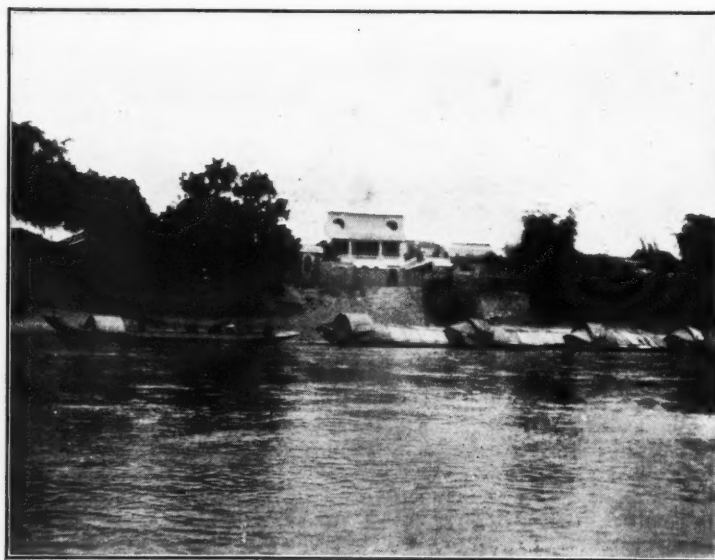
It is, I think, a unique experience for Maryknollers to travel with so many craft, for there are one hundred ten boats in the fleet. It seems that, on account of the danger from pirates, the business men of the three cities on the Fachow River have united their forces and pocketbooks, and have hired soldiers to protect their cargoes. So, only twice or thrice a month, they send a large group of boats up stream, under a strong guard.

Besides the slowness of travel, these semicircular bamboo-covered boats recall American pioneer days, when the canvas-roofed wagons crossed the prairies, and camped together at night for mutual protection against the In-

The simplest method of sending money to Maryknoll missionaries is through the Maryknoll Treasurer, whose address is Maryknoll, New York.

dians. Last evening I could not help but feel with those early colonizers, for the hundred and more boats were so close you could easily step from one to another. In fact, a crowd of boys and girls and a few men did cross from their several boats to ours, to hear Fr. Fletcher's voice with the mandolin accompaniment. Our fellow travelers forgot their fear, temporarily, in the newness of foreign music. The singer's repertoire included the ancient ditty, "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

There's a flurry of excitement on board, for the boat's mate is pointing out the Catholic Mission, the sight of which brings us a thrill of pleasure, because it is ten days since we left Hongkong, and our journey is near the end. Our sampan is now turning its nose toward the back gate of the mission compound, which is on the Fachow River; the high, yellow building is beckoning to me over the wall; so I think I'll put away my pencil and go "Home Sweet Home."



THE "POOR" FACHOW MISSION LIES CLOSE TO THE "BANK."

BE A FOREIGN MISSIONER AT HOME BY

Maryknoll-in-Sunchong.

FR. SWEENEY AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOUSE, WITH HIS COUNCIL.

FR. SWEENEY is in his new mission, of which he gives us a glimpse in a recent letter. He writes:

We had a hard trip from Tungchen. The rafts were so crowded that we couldn't sleep on the river. The overland road had a midsummer fervor. As luck would have it, when we struck the sea at Shuitung, there were no boats, our money had almost run out, and we had to lodge in a Chinese house for several days on rather poor diet. When a boat did come, all the forward space was taken by part of the Chinese army, and we could find room only in a shack aft the funnel with crates of chickens banked up against the three windows of our compartment, for the boat was overloaded with pigs and chickens.

The two nights on sea, we couldn't sleep, and the sun in the daytime was prostrating, because a typhoon was brewing. In fact the heat was so intense that we saw seven pigs hauled out dead, overcome by the warmth. When we finally changed to a good boat for Hongkong, we were so tired that we couldn't sleep. I had to rush up to Canton to see Bishop Fourquet

and then back to this new mission in time to meet the gathering on the feast of the Assumption.

Besides Toi Shan district, my mission includes all of San Wui district, which you know well, having visited twice the principal town, Kongmoon, and passed through a great part of it, sailing through the delta on the way out to the sea near Sancian.

The town Sunchong, which is my mission center, is nearly all stores or shops. It has about six or eight thousand population, but the environs are populous. It is at the confluence of two big rivers, all on low ground, and under water during the flood season. The mission compound at the west end should be two *mau* or about one-third acre. I say "should be" because, about fifteen years ago, during the absence of the priest, a neighbor built a wall enclosing nearly six hundred square feet of our ground. However, our delegate is now on his way to the chief magistrate at Sunning, and we are going to get the land back or have some fight. There is no prescription; the priests have made unofficial protests all along.

The mission compound has a creek on three sides of it, and, at high tide, we have boat landings at the front and side doors. However, like the

river, the water is vile and we have to carry our drinking water ten Chinese miles.

We have the chapel, priest's house, and a side building—the two latter are two-storied. The ground is sandy, the walls of the chapel and side building show an incline, and the wood in all three has been eaten to shells by the white ants which are very troublesome in this damp region. The buildings take up all the ground except one patch where we hope to erect a school.

Bishop Fourquet, an old resident, and Fr. LeRestif, whom I am succeeding, told me that schools are our opportunity here. I can see, too, that schools are "our best bet," before all other forms of mission effort. In many places the people will stand most of the cost of construction and maintenance.

For instance, one village will give \$2,000 cash, and the land and work of construction, worth about \$1,000 more, if we will add \$1,000 cash to help. The school will be ours by title and entirely under our direction.

Another village has a school worth about \$6,000. The name of the place is "Sacred Heart." This entire village should be Catholic, but, like many others, it is falling away for want of a catechist and instruction. The principal of the school is a pagan; also



A GARDEN VIEW OF THE SUNCHONG COMPOUND.

INTERESTING A NEW FRIEND IN THE FIELD AFAR.

the teachers. The principal is one of those who went to Peking under the old régime and got his degree. He was chosen for this position because we have no Catholics of his education for our schools. He is supposed to teach the catechism, but he doesn't know it. It happens that the English professor has gone to Canada, and I asked the head of the village to let me select a new one for him. If I can find a man who can teach English and Christian doctrine in the right way, I shall pay part of his salary and we will start ousting the pagan teachers from this Christian village. There will be no other expense for us from this school.

We have no catechist in the whole district. There have been thirteen priests here in twenty years. On account of their poverty and the recent rapid changes, it has been difficult to keep the Christians instructed. Another obstacle is the fact that we have about five different varieties of Cantonese spoken.

I have visited many other places and leave tomorrow on a tour that will cover the whole district. Down near the coast we have some walking to do, but most of the trip can be made by railroad or boat, sometimes steamboat or motor launch. To reach this town from Kongmoon, we have only three to five hours' ride on the railroad and one hour on a steam launch.

This seems to be the chosen land for Protestant establishments.

Fr. LeRestif who is staying with me for a month, to make me acquainted with the mission, is one of the greatest missionaries I have met. He is leaving this place and all in it, most willingly, to start out in a place where there isn't a foot of land belonging to the Church. His advice is invaluable, though he is one of the last missionaries to arrive because he was drafted for the French Army for six years at the end of his seminary course.

*Graduates!
Your choice
of colleges,
inside front
cover and
page 161.*

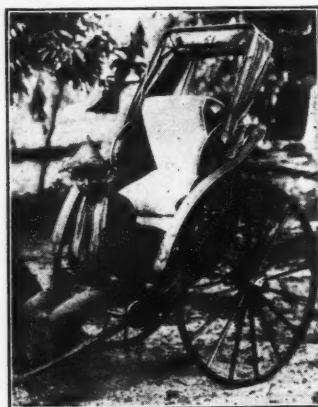


Brother Michael's Letter.

WITH the 1923 group of outgoing missionaries, there went from Maryknoll a certain Bro. Michael Hogan, of Philadelphia, who was detailed to act as secretary to the Maryknoll Procurator in Hongkong.

Bro. Michael was warmly welcomed and has been up to his neck in work ever since, but lately he was awarded a breathing spell and here is the result:

I have had my first opportunity to visit one of our missions. Fr. Sweeney had come to Hongkong to obtain supplies, and, after a stay of two days at the Procure, was off again to Sunchong with your humble servant as his body-guard.



JIM RICKSHAW.
Open for business.

At seven o'clock in the evening, January 31, we boarded the *Tai Lee*, bound for Pakkai. This boat, on its previous trip, only a week before, was pirated, the Captain and two Indian guards killed, several others wounded, and all the passengers, both foreign and Chinese, robbed of their valuables. The pirates made off in small boats, taking with them some twenty Chinese to be held for ransom.

You will wonder, no doubt, how they manage to get away with this sort of thing so near Hongkong. It is simple enough; here is the mode of operation: The pirates board the boat at Hongkong, purchasing tickets like everyone

What Money Will Do For Maryknoll-in-China

- \$1** for a day's support of a missionary.
- \$2.50** for a month's support of a baby.
- \$5** for the ransom of a Chinese baby; or the monthly support of a grandmother or a blind girl.
- \$10** for the personal medical expenses of a missionary.
- \$15** for a month's wages of a catechist.
- \$30** for the yearly support of a schoolboy or girl; or the yearly support of a leper.
- \$50** for the yearly retreat expenses of a missionary; the yearly support of a preparatory student; or the yearly upkeep of a village school.
- \$100** for the yearly travel expenses of a missionary or for the yearly support of a native seminarian.
- \$180** for the yearly salary of a catechist.
- \$200** for the yearly upkeep of a dispensary, orphanage, or catechist school.
- \$250** for the yearly support of a native priest.
- \$300** for the personal support and travel expenses, for one year, of a missionary.
- \$400** for the yearly upkeep of a modern parochial school.
- \$500** for a village school; the outfit and travel expenses of a missionary or a Sister, to Asia; or the yearly upkeep of a catechumenate.
- \$1,000** for a chapel or for an orphanage.
- \$1,500** for a small dispensary or for a native student bursar.
- \$2,000** for a modern city high school (100 pupils); or a catechumenate (40 catechumens and 2 teachers).
- \$3,000** for a catechist bursar or a priest's house.
- \$4,000** for a leper hospital (100 beds).
- \$5,000** for land to serve as a mission center (including that for Sisters); or a convent and convent chapel.
- \$15,000** for a sanatorium for missionaries; or land for a vicariate center.

else, and, though a careful search is made of all passengers for secreted firearms, the officials are unable to prevent such being taken aboard, owing to the fact that most of the pistols are hidden among the vegetables or some other part of the freight cargo. (For

MISSIONARY KITS ARE NEEDED FOR OUTGOING MISSIONERS.

example, last week a harmless-looking table was being loaded on one of the boats here, and was about to be packed away with the rest of the freight when, for some reason or other, the suspicions of one of the guards was aroused. Upon examination it was found to be a small arsenal, there being brought to light some thirty automatics very ingeniously concealed in the legs of the table and in secret panels.) Once the firearms are aboard, the rest is easy, as these boats carry only about half a dozen Indian guards, who, though courageous, have no chance against the pirates, who always number forty or fifty—in the case of the *Tai Lee* there were sixty pirates aboard.

The *Tai Lee* was not far from Pak-kai when the attack was made, the signal for which was a pistol shot fired by the leader of the gang, whose members were located in all parts of the boat. Resistance is foolhardiness, as these pirates are desperate fellows, most of them being ex-soldiers and land bandits who care little for human life.

The poor Captain of the *Tai Lee*, Mr. Wilcox, who was well known by some of our priests, was a fearless fellow, a fact recognized by the pirates, and he was immediately shot down, as were three of the Indian guards who offered resistance. The Captain died from his wounds the next morning.


The new Captain, Mr. Fletcher, was formerly First Officer of the boat, and it was from him that we received a full account of the piracy. Two of the pirates held pistols at his head while the work of looting the ship was going on, and for nearly three hours he could hear the groans of Captain Wilcox, who lay dying on the deck a short distance away. These piracies are becoming frequent along this coast, and the authorities, in spite of extra vigilance and precaution, seem unable to prevent them.

Captain Fletcher was very friendly toward us, spending nearly half the night in our cabin telling us not only about his thrilling experience with the pirates, but recounting his many adventures on the sea, over which he had roved in almost every capacity for the last thirty-five years. The assistant en-

gineer, a young Catholic fellow from Singapore, took us to his cabin and pointed with pride to two holy pictures on the wall at each end of his bed.

Our trip was without incident, except for the fact that the rain pelted down harder than I ever heard it be-

boat on which, only a few days before, men had been killed; to see the holes the bullets had made in different parts of the cabins; to watch the Indian guards with shouldered guns pacing to and fro, scanning every face that chanced near them, with their dark, piercing eyes. I said my Rosary that



Dominicus POZZONI

天主降生一千九百二十四年二月二十二日

香港大堂印發

上主仁慈賜他早登天國
友爲彼煉靈祈求
人取法也茲仰各方教
突然其聖德實足爲後
年六十三歲噫主教已
日在法國醫院棄世享
百二十四年二月二十
醫藥無效遂於一千九
之愛戴乃致積勞成疾
同仁固甚得中外人士
事躬親待人接物一視
主教一生謹慎勤勞事
一千九百零五年噫任
主教一生謹慎勤勞事

師主教多敏墨名多明我原籍義大利國人生於一千八百六十一年十二月二十二日於一千八百八十五年三月一日晉陞神父即於是年十二月九日到香港旋奉命主持惠陽海豐寶安等縣教務復於

The Chinese Memorial Card issued after the death of Bishop Pozzoni, late of Hongkong, who spent thirty-nine years in China leaving the country of his adoption only once during that long period.

fore, at least since coming to China, and this made it rather dangerous piloting through the delta; so they cast anchor till it subsided. After three hours we were on our way again. It did seem somewhat strange to be riding on a

night walking up and down the deck, at each end of which was one of these tall, dark Indian Sikhs.

The morning dawned fine and it was not long before we pulled into

HAVE YOU A MISSIONARY KIT IDLE AND LIABLE TO BE SO?

Pakkai. It was almost like "bucking the line," getting through the crowd of people jammed in the little shanty of a building, like subway patrons during the rush hour; but Fr. Sweeney was equal to the work, and we were soon past the customs officers (who took us at our word) and on the way to our little rented house at Pakkai, where Fr. Sweeney said Mass.

After Mass we partook of an old army meal, and I renewed my acquaintance with "Corn-Willie," which had long since become a fond (?) memory. We then got into a sampan, which brought us over to Kongmoon, where Fr. Sweeney called on some of the Christians. They greeted him very cordially, including an invitation to dine, but, as we had just eaten, we declined with thanks. We had a tramp around the city and were objects of curiosity everywhere, especially by the minions of Sun Yat Sen, who adorned the corners of every street, pistol in hand, looking as though they were ready to begin shooting at the least provocation. Many were mere boys.

Unable to get any conveyance back to Pakkai, we were not a bit disappointed, as it was a beautiful evening for a stroll and the countryside all the way back was a sight which more than made up for whatever physical energy we expended. It was dusk when we reached Pakkai, and well past supper time, but a cold meal was soon prepared, which fixed us up in great shape.

After Mass next morning we went down to the Pakkai station, and, wonder of wonders, a train was there that would take us half way to Sunchong. The coaches, which looked as though they had done service in the late war, were swarming with passengers, most of whom paid no fare but traveled on passes secured from some official or other. There were also about one hundred soldiers on board, who, of course, rode free also—it's surprising that business keeps up. Baggage of all kinds was piled everywhere, lots of it freight, so that it was difficult to get standing room. We were among those who ornamented the aisles. After an hour's wait, the old train pulled out for Kong Yik, and we felt like giving three cheers.

The countryside along the way was interesting for a newcomer, the many mountains and hills covered with graves and monuments, particularly so. It must be tough on the pallbearers, as many of the graves are located near the tops of mountains five hundred feet high.

At Kong Yik, which was reached about noon, more than half the passengers got off in a grand scramble. The arrival of a train here is quite an event, and it seems as though everybody in town is on hand when the old rattlebox pulls up at the station.

On alighting, a Chinese merchant, who had been on the train from Pakkai, came up and greeted us in very good English. He had been in San Francisco, for the last four years, and was on his way back to his native village some distance from Sunchong. He was very prosperous looking and a man of some importance as he had with him a bodyguard of six soldiers.

From Kong Yik we took the boat to Sunchong. But getting aboard that boat was quite a feat as it was out in midstream, already well loaded with people, and drifting along even while we were making for it in a crowded sampan. I was sure there would be a mishap, as crowded sampans were coming from every direction, all heading for the same boat; but nothing happened; all piled on safely, and the bath I had anticipated did not materialize. The old scow looked top-heavy to me, but she could travel along at a pretty good clip, and in two hours we were stepping off at our destination, Sunchong.

I will not soon forget that landing at Sunchong. As we pulled in, junks and sampans came at us from right, left, and center, resembling an attack. These poor people, however, were only after business, as the old boat had some car-

Only a person who has had considerable experience, or who has visited Maryknoll, can know the multiplicity of needs in such a work as ours. Some of these needs appeal—more fall quite flat, and that is why you will notice an emphasis on Stringless Gifts as most desirable.

go on board which had to be transported here and there about the town, and those who reached the boat first usually got the job. Fr. Sweeney and I had all we could do to keep from being pitched into the water, but, after a little while, managed to get ashore safely with our baggage.

Fr. Sweeney's boy and a young Chinese seminarian from Canton, who were on hand to meet us, took our baggage, and we lost no time in making our way through the narrow, zigzag streets to the mission, where the boy soon had a nice dinner set out for us.

The day after our arrival being Sunday, a goodly number of Chinese assisted at Mass, and, afterwards, some of them came into the house for tea and to insist that Fr. Sweeney accompany them back to their village, Tong Pin where they are building a new church.

I stayed at the mission for three days following the New Year; and on Saturday morning started for Hongkong, arriving there in time for Mass on Sunday.

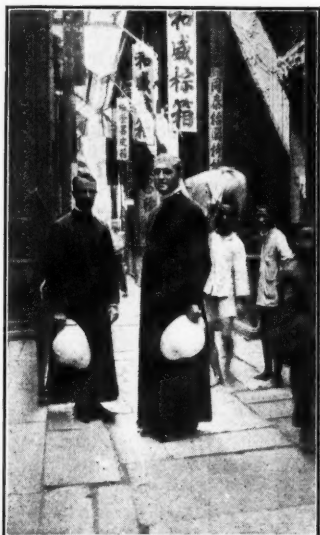
During all my trip, I never met with the least discourtesy from the Chinese. On the contrary, I was treated with respect, and all the people with whom I came in contact were very friendly. The Chinese have many good traits, and the more I see of them the better I like them.

THE MIDSUMMER FIELD AFAR

This year, as last, we will combine the July and August issues of *The Field Afar* into one enlarged and beautified number, which will leave the press during the month of July.

ONE SUBSCRIBER FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER

Lo Tinglys.



FR. TOOMEY WITH FR. MORNING, S.J., IN CANTON.

FR. McSHANE, at Loting, is a quiet man and not too rugged, but his low voice carries and his strength seems to be ready when the moment arrives. He has been too much on the move to write, but his "trusty"—the curate from New Bedford, Fr. Toomey by name and Toyon in fact—has sent a diary from which we must select some passages for record in *THE FIELD AFAR*:

A lull in the battle, together with Fr. McShane's persuasive powers, finally enabled him to prevail on a sampan captain that the risk would not be so terribly great in trying to make the West River—Fr. McShane wished to go to Hongkong to confer with the Sisters aent the plans for the new convent.

Just before his departure a most disconcerting discovery was made. The man who was supposed to be delivering bricks to us was found selling them to somebody else, although bargain money had already been paid on several thousands. A royal battle that was a battle royal of words followed. For a time it looked as though the only bricks that would come our way would be those thrown at us. Coercion, diplomacy, and

threats were all tried in turn. What really brought about the eventual victory is still an unsolved mystery, but "needles and pins" to say we got the bricks.

With a bitter taste of many words still in his mouth, Fr. McShane left at noon for Nam Kong Hau and the West River. Scarcely had he left, however, when the curate heard the now familiar sound of machine gun fire from about where the pastor's sampan would be. Subsequent information confirmed the curate's fears, but the sampan and Fr. McShane very providentially escaped serious damage from the rain of bullets. Well aware of what such proceedings meant for them, the masons employed in building a wall for us promptly quit work, while all the Joss Stick Street neighbors again abandoned their chosen avocation to move their goods to safer hiding places. The lone curate then had what might be termed by some an interesting hour trying to keep the compound clear of all sorts of objectionable truck, so-called valuables and near-valuables. Until the soldiers actually arrived, he was a busy individual keeping the panicky ones from unloading all their household furniture over the walls and scaling the same themselves. The school teachers were not immune from this contagious terror either, for they, too, came with coolies carrying mountains of cases and boxes. Amid all this excitement the retreating Chan Kwong Ming soldiers who "took" Loting recently, rushed from one city gate to another, then ran in circles, squares, and angles 'round our house and thence to the hills. Shortly afterward, but when there was assurance that the vanquished enemy had vanished, the Sun banners were again seen to arise on the eastern horizon, while the soldiers leisurely strolled into Loting as if nothing out of the ordinary had taken place.

So accustomed to these invasions is everyone becoming that today finds calm serenity again holding sway, although everybody is keeping one eye on the soldiers and the other on his property. From sad experience, these poor people know that whenever this city changes factions, the name of Lo-



ting is likewise changed to Looting.

Today a poor human derelict was deposited on our orphanage steps. Those who brought this unfortunate being made a quick getaway, for they did not even stay around long enough to offer any suggestions as is generally their wont. Trembling all over, bruised from head to foot, and swarming with flies, the poor thing was led, toppling over, into the orphanage, where a bath, the first in weeks, was administered. Then the woman catechist asked, "After 'speaking the doctrine' to her, if she cannot be cured, will Shan Fu (priest) have such a good heart as to buy the coffin?"

Our cook, who is also altar boy, sexton, and an everyday godfather, came near getting his appointment "to talk to the daisies" when he set fire to himself while acting as sponsor at baptism.

Fr. Shane returned.



BANDITS IN WOODEN NECKTIES BEING LED TO PRISON.

MEANS

250,000.

SEND

YOURS

TODAY.

THE FIELD AFAR

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).

Owned by the
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.
Advertising rates sent on application.

Make all checks and money orders payable to
J. A. WALSH, TR., Maryknoll, N. Y.

Single subscription,\$1.00 a year
(ten or more copies to one address,
at the rate of eighty cents a year).

Six years' subscription.....\$5.00
Subscription for life.....\$50.00
(Membership in the Society is included
with all subscriptions.)

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



ALL New York turned out to
meet its beloved Cardinal, and
weather conditions made the home
coming a sunny, delightful remem-
brance.

May the Paraclete hover over
His Eminence.

Come Holy Ghost!

"OH, for the gift of tongues!"
cry our missionaries.

"What is your greatest trial?"
we have asked; and invariably the
answer has come, "The inability
to express our thoughts to, and to
understand these people among
whom we have cast our lot."

Come Light of hearts!

THE day will come in this coun-
try—and it is not far off—
when Catholic halls of learning
shall be fully represented in the
councils of national educators.

Those of us who have watched
and have realized the handicaps,
marvel at the development of
Catholic colleges and universities,
and take a pride in their accom-
plishment. By their fruits ye shall
know them!

CORPUS CHRISTI. We who
are nourished on the Body of
Christ should not be unmindful of
those who, without the fold, near
and far, hunger for Christ, though
they may not realize what it is
they seek.

Get this thought from the feast
of Corpus Christi and spread the
Master's invitation.

Come Giver of all gifts!

DO you know that the average
Oriental of today is more
anxious to be educated than most
of the people in this country or
Europe?

When a youth foregoes needed
food for his body to satisfy the
cravings of his mind, he holds
education at a high premium, and
many a youth in the Orient is
making this sacrifice cheerfully.

Fructify what is parched!

IF you were directing a mission in
the land of the Blue Gown—
we speak of China—and found
that the simplest contact with the
natives was a school, you would
go ahead in this line if you could;
and if, for want of a building and
a few paid teachers, you could
not, you would wish that the folks
at home might see what you see,
and "come across."

Cleanse what is soiled!

TODAY a large majority of
American citizens are classed
as educated, at least to the point
of reading and writing. Just what
most of them read and how much
they write is another question, one
which the average man is not in-
clined to answer; but we can at
least say that a foundation of
knowledge has been acquired by
the average American. When the
Oriental gets that far, he will not
stop, and if he can look back to
the Catholic Church as the builder
of that foundation, so much the
better for himself and for the
Church's prestige.

EDUICATION is the slogan in
China today. The China Edu-
cational Commission, representing
the Protestant Mission Boards
and Societies conducting work in
China, estimates that, in order to
carry out its program of advance,
a capital outlay for land and build-
ings of \$7,000,000 gold will be re-
quired, and, when the plan is com-
pleted, an additional annual ex-
penditure for maintenance of
\$1,000,000. There is no doubt
that gifts for this amount will be
forthcoming from American Prot-
estants.

Maryknoll missionaries are ask-
ing \$500 to build a village school
and \$2,000 for a modern high
school. Can we not supply a few?

Bend what is rigid!

WHEN St. Francis Xavier went
to Japan, he soon realized
that to reach the masses of the
people he must win their intellec-
tual leaders. He proceeded to do
so and it was a case of God,
Teresa, and the ducats.

St. Francis Xavier's personality
plus gold from his home land co-
operated with Divine Grace in ef-
fecting this wise purpose, and a
great harvest was the result.

Were St. Francis Xavier living
today, it is safe to say that he
would be on the mainland of
China, teaching revealed truth and
incidentally impressing the idea
that science is the handmaid of
religion. And to further his pur-
pose, he would be writing letters
home to get a needed backing for
his enterprises, spiritual and ma-
terial.

Warm what is frozen!

THE Provincial of the Marist
Brothers in Japan writes that
the repairs on their Tokyo school
are about completed, and that
plans are being prepared for re-
building the primary school which
was destroyed by the earthquake.
He says, also, that there is no
question yet about trying to re-
build St. Joseph's College, in
Yokohama.

HE WHO LOVES JESUS CHRIST WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.

Foreigners and their families have not yet returned to that city. Business men are back, at least some of them, and are living in barracks built of planks and covered with tin.

Fr. Heinrich adds that since the attempt against the life of the Prince Regent, the government realizes the danger of spreading dangerous literature. The Ministers of Foreign Affairs, of Education, and of the Interior have invited representatives of religious beliefs to their official residences and urged them to do the utmost in keeping down the spread of dangerous theories. The government is anxious to have the public taught religion. The Buddhist priests are getting very active like the Salvation Army and they now preach on the streets.

Light Immortal! Light Divine!

THE section of the report of the Protestant China Educational Commission (copyrighted 1922) concerning Roman Catholic educational work in China is fair and broad minded. The final paragraph is well worth the attention of American Catholics:

Two factors seriously militate against the educational work of the Roman Catholic Church (in China). *The first is their lack of funds.* Few large gifts from home are received for educational purposes.—In the second place, the Roman Catholic Church in China is seriously handicapped by a small English-teaching force.—The Chinese naturally prefer to secure their education in schools where English is taught, or is the chief medium of instruction. For this reason, the Roman Catholic Church has experienced difficulty in attracting and holding its young people in its church schools.

Maryknoll missionaries have not to contend with the second handicap. As to the first, we are convinced that American Catholics will not allow it to persist.

Come Fire of Divine Love!

"SOME mission compounds in China," writes one of our friends in that country, "look as



From Cathedral of St. John Lateran
ST. PAUL, DOCTOR OF THE GENTILES.

out of place as a transplanted Chinese temple would look in a Brooklyn street." Practically all the nationals, including American Protestants, have gone in for Western forms of architecture.

The same friend makes these few observations in passing:

I once heard a priest praise a young Catholic Chinese student in America for the way he caught on to American methods. The student had, in fact, proved that he could adapt himself.

But what if the same student came to America and tried to force his Chinese ideas of what is fitting, right, and proper, on our people?

We come over to China with the idea that it is a virtue "to get the thing done," and to get it done quickly. The Chinese have their doubts about getting it done and they are positive on the question of getting it done quickly.

Cleanliness to us is next to Godliness. As a matter of fact, cleanliness is not related in any way to virtue, and the Chinaman does not think it is, nor does he see any reason why he should feel the relationship. Many Chinese are clean in their personal habits, but few of them are squeamish about the proximity of dirt. It is all very well to be clean and sanitary ourselves, but when we come to forcing the regulations of an American Board of Health on people that have neither asked for the regulations nor want them, we are strolling in the highways and byways never meant for the missionary calling. In the thirteenth century sanitary conditions in Europe were pretty bad, but the religious fervor was at a pinnacle never reached before nor since.

St. Paul, the missionary par excellence, wrote that he became all things for all men. If he had come to China, he would have adapted himself to Chinese ways. The people here certainly need to be Christianized as much as any with whom St. Paul had to deal, but they will not get an inch nearer to heaven by being Americanized or having the customs of any other country forced upon them. The Chinese have their own notions on haste and time, and the fussing, fuming Occident would do well to embody a few of these ideas. Undoubtedly, China has a lot to learn, and the West will have to be the teacher; but even the teacher can learn some things at times from the student.

MARYKNOLL AT THE VATICAN

The Holy See invites us to introduce Maryknoll missionaries to the thousands who will attend the Vatican Missionary Exposition, to be held in the Papal Gardens, Rome, in 1925.

Ten dollars per missionary is the average cost of photos and display matter, much of which will be shipped from the Far East, for a worthy presentation of each worker's labors. Why not select the priest, Brother, or Sister who holds closest place in your heart, and be sponsor for giving him or her a missionary place of honor?

SEND A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER'S EXHIBIT TO THE VATICAN EXPOSITION.

BE A PROPAGANDIST IN THE GREATEST OF ALL CAUSES.

The First Wave of Catholic Chinese

EDUCATION in the arts and sciences of Western civilization is one of China's greatest needs.

That the Chinese realize this is evident from the number of her young men and women who are today in America studying in our colleges and universities. It has been estimated, recently, that at least two thousand Oriental students are in this country for an education that will enable them to return, in a few years, and be leaders among their own people.

For this purpose, the Boxer Indemnity Fund was set aside by the United States, and many Chinese have benefited thereby. None of those—or at least very few—who have come under the Boxer Indemnity Fund have been Catholics. Why? Probably because, until a few years ago, there were no Catholic priests from America, in China, to direct Catholic students to educational institutions in America.

Furthermore, no one of those who have benefited by the Indemnity Fund has ever been placed in a Catholic college. There is, however, no reason why a Chinese

student cannot be sent to a Catholic as well as to a Protestant hall of learning. The Government does not discriminate, nor does it require that they attend non-Catholic institutions. The real cause is that, in the past, the ever watchful Y. M. C. A. or other Protestant organizations have directed students, bound for America. Under their further supervision, the students have been placed in colleges where the influence is plainly Protestant, and many have returned to their native country ignorant of the fact that there is such a thing as a Catholic church



AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE, DUBUQUE.

did not receive many encouraging answers. Within the last few years, however, young men have applied to us from China, for the opportunity of securing an education in this country in some Catholic institution, and we have been able, through the kindness of some colleges, to place several. We are grateful to the zealous priests and Brothers who have made possible the education of these youths.



AT DUBUQUE.

here, thereby strengthening the belief that America is wholly Protestant.

We have often looked forward to the day when Catholic institutions in this country would be able to receive students from the Orient, and now, with American Catholic missionaries in the field, we can see brighter prospects in the future for Catholic Oriental students.

Some years ago we asked, through these pages, if Catholic colleges would open their doors to Chinese students. At that time we



AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY, TORONTO.

To our knowledge, there are now, in Catholic institutions of the United States, about fourteen Asiatic students. In 1918, when the Maryknoll Superior returned from his visit to China, he brought from Shanghai two brothers, Ignatius and Francis X. Tsu. Ignatius was enrolled at Notre Dame; Francis, at Dayton Uni-

Stay with us—which means renew—and, friend of ours, when you renew, especially if you have added to our expense account by making us send a bill, add something for the cause; otherwise, what you send will only benefit the printer, the paperman, Uncle Sam, and yourself.

WE EMPLOY NO PROFESSIONAL AGENTS.

Students in the United States.



AT ST. JOHN'S, COLLEGEVILLE, MINN.

versity. Then came John Chang, from Korea, who is at Manhattan College, New York, and his brother Louis who is finishing an art course in that city. Besides these, George Chao is at Notre Dame; Francis X. Chan at University of Dayton; Li You Ching at St. John's College, Collegeville, Minn.; John T. S. Lim and Peter Yang are at Columbia College, Dubuque; Adrian Tsu and Patrick Wong at Dayton University; Leo Woo at Little Rock College, Little Rock, Ark. From Fr. Ford comes word that Peter Chan Ho is ready to leave Yeung-kong for St. Paul, Minn., where Archbishop Dowling has made an opening for him at St. Thomas' College; and from Rome writes Jean Chang, a recent convert, who

A Liberty Bond turned up recently. It is some time since we have seen one. In war times they were a familiar and welcome sight. If you have forgotten to clip the coupons on yours, or have War Stamps that have never accumulated, please remember that Maryknoll can always make good use of either.

is anxious to take up a course in journalism in some Catholic college here.

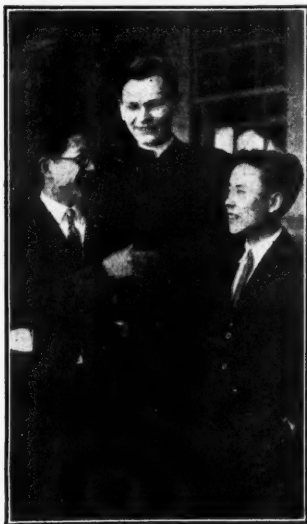
The list is growing, and we are glad to record the fact. It is, of course, still small, but it is ten times what it was a few years ago. However, there are great possibilities, and already our missionaries are asking if we can not secure places for other desirable boys anxious to get a Western education, so as to return and teach under the missionaries.

If we are to aid in the conversion of China, we must not lose sight of the fact that one of the greatest factors in bringing true

stitutions of higher learning than China.

The Chinese students came as early as before the Civil War. They were first brought over by missionaries. Yale University claims the first Chinese graduate, who took the degree of Doctor of Medicine. It was not until 1872 that the Chinese government formally presented a group of students, realizing that the best way to combat Western influence is to learn the use of its own methods. Through intrigue and misunderstanding on the part of Chinese officials, these young men were recalled and the dispatching of students was discontinued for a stretch of about twenty years. But when China's battleships were demolished by the much weaker Japanese navy, whose officials had been trained at Annapolis, the flow of students to America was resumed.

The Rock of Hongkong is interested in the formation of a world-wide Association of Chinese Catholic Students. This is good work and *The Rock* will be pleased to know that in the United States, Maryknoll is now directing fourteen Chinese students and trying to ferret out others. We shall be pleased to know *The Rock's* plan and hope to be able to cooperate with it. We note that Fr. Martindale, S.J., of Oxford, editor of *The Inter-University Magazine*, is also interested in this movement.



AT NOTRE DAME.

Christian civilization to that country lies in the education of the younger generation—those young men and women of today who will be the leaders of China's tomorrow.

WHAT OTHERS THINK.

Francis Xavier Tsu, a Chinese student at Dayton University, has this to say about young men from his own country who have studied in America:

No other nation in the world today is better represented in American in-



AT DAYTON UNIVERSITY.

OUR FRIENDS ARE OUR BEST AGENTS.

Knoll Knews.



THE PRO-SEMINARY—NOW ROSARY HOUSE.

JUNE is on us, and the Knoll is attractive with its wealth of wild roses, shrubbery, and bush. We are just high enough above the banks of the Hudson to catch the warm rays of the summer sun, and to enjoy the light breezes that sweep over our hilltop.

It looks as if June were to be a busy month.

All kinds of lines except railroad and boat lines have termini at Maryknoll—which, with its appearance of calm, is truly, at times, a very busy hive.

Telephones, telegraphs, cables, trucks, limousines, and kerosenes—all combine to keep some of us lively and others from falling into too deep slumbers.

The telephone announces the arrival of a missionary at a New York dock, from Borneo or Africa, or of some friend of the work from the Middle West or the Southlands. The telegraph brings news of someone else who has stepped off a Pacific Liner on the West Coast and is headed for Maryknoll, or for Europe via Maryknoll.

The cable comes rarely because it costs much, but, since we spoke to our readers, it has disgorged interesting items of news.

There was a message, for example, from Hongkong, telling us that the local Government (Brit-

ish) was giving us practical encouragement, with land provided, to open, in 1925, a hostel for Asiatic students attending the University of Hongkong. This will mean an investment of considerable money which must be borrowed (to be later recovered, however, because the venture would be self-supporting). The late Bishop of Hongkong was anxious to see this enterprise begun, and all who know the value of the work are urging it most strongly.

If we can take up this important task, our readers may look for very satisfying results; but these will take time.

Then came a message from Korea—and signed by Fr. Byrne. It carried a frozen tear, with the tidings that a check with which he had attempted to pay for some land had been returned from America "dishonored—for lack of funds to cover payment."

It was a misunderstanding, and we melted the tear, hoping the deal went through because the piece of land in question should mean much to future Maryknollers in the development of their work.

We have been wondering since then how Fr. Byrne feels with his slender reserve wiped out by the purchase; but his faith is strong.

The wire from San Francisco

that told of the safe arrival of the Maryknoll Sisters' Mother, after her many experiences in Asia, was of the thrill variety; a few weeks later, the Mother herself appeared, radiant, and grateful, but not less so than her six score of daughters all waiting for a chance to greet her.

The echoes of the Mother's experiences are still strong, and her chicks are learning what to expect and what not to expect when it comes to "scratching for a living"—and scratching for lives in the Orient.

A few days after this long-looked-for return, there was a ceremony at the Maryknoll Convent, the reception and profession respectively of postulants and



NEW YORK'S AUXILIARY BISHOP WITH THE SING SING CHAPLAIN, AT MARYKNOLL.

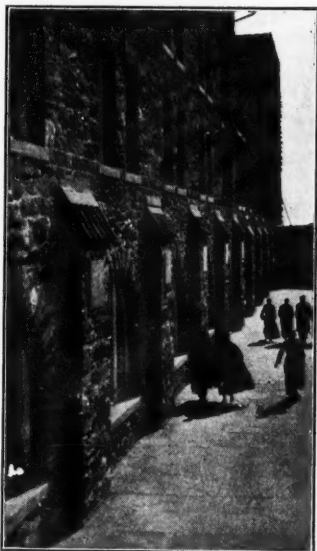
WITH EVERY

SUBSCRIBER

A

FRIEND

novices, a long and hopeful list of young women bent on the noble purpose of extending the Cross of Christ a little farther into the wilderness.



AN EVENING STROLL ON THE CLOISTER.

Those who received the habit of St. Dominic were:

Miss Aurea A. Xavier, Hongkong, China (Sr. M. Chanel); Miss Margaret Lickteig, Greeley, Kans. (Sr. M. Matthias); Miss Margaret A. McCabe, Worcester, Mass. (Sr. M. Caritas); Miss Mary C. Duffy, Fall River, Mass. (Sr. M. William); Miss Mary Stewart, Lake Geneva, Wis. (Sr. M. Bernice); Miss Antoinette Kunkel, New York City (Sr. M. Hyacinth); Miss M. Loretta Geist, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Sr. M. Antoinette); Miss Louise M. Buckley, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Sr. M. Louise); Miss Mary C. Leiendecker, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Sr. M. Consuelo); Miss Mary Cain, New Perth, P. E. I. Canada (Sr. M. de Ricci); Miss S. Cecilia Venneman, Clarence, N. Y. (Sr. M. Espiritu); Miss Anna C. Lavelle, Paterson, N. J. (Sr. M. Victorine); Miss Ruth M. Lorang, Blue Island, Ill. (Sr. M. Corde); Miss Anna G. Tolan, Arlington, Mass. (Sr. M. Eunice); Miss Catherine Gunning, Baltimore, Md. (Sr. M. Carmelita); Miss M. Monica Coupe, Lonsdale, R. I. (Sr. M. Eucharista); Miss Anna F. McTigue, Worcester, Mass. (Sr. M. Paraclita); Miss Elizabeth H. Benicker, W. Philadelphia, Pa. (Sr. M. Concepta); Miss Loretta R. Mulherin,

DO SOME FISHING.

Up at Maryknoll, we have no reason to complain of our lot. We work and we like to work, especially because every stroke makes for the saving of a soul. And you work, perhaps as hard as we do, possibly harder. If you get a vacation this year, remember that we of the Knoll shall be made happy if you add to our work and to our satisfaction by catching a few subscribers for us, while away. Try a little fishing!

Scranton, Pa. (Sr. M. Gabriella); Miss M. Irene Mulkern, Portland, Me. (Sr. M. Annunciata); Miss Lucy L. Whitney, Woodside, L. I., N. Y. (Sr. M. Bertrand).

The following were professed, taking the vows of religion:

Sr. M. Just David, Geneva, Switzerland; Sr. M. dePaul Cogan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sr. M. Sabina Kennedy, Chicago, Ill.; Sr. M. Eymard Lappin, Ireland; Sr. M. Angelica O'Leary, Newsome, Idaho; Sr. M. Juliana Bedier, Salt Lake City, Utah; Sr. M. Felicita Clarke, Corona, L. I.; Sr. M. Bernadette Tam, Honolulu; Sr. M. Beatrice Meyer, Davenport, Iowa; Sr. M. Martha Butler, Nashua, N. H.; Sr. M. Eugenia Gorman, Charlestown, Mass.; Sr. M. Camillus Reynolds, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Sr. M. Majella Beck, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sr. M. Charles McDonald, Fall River, Mass.; Sr. M.

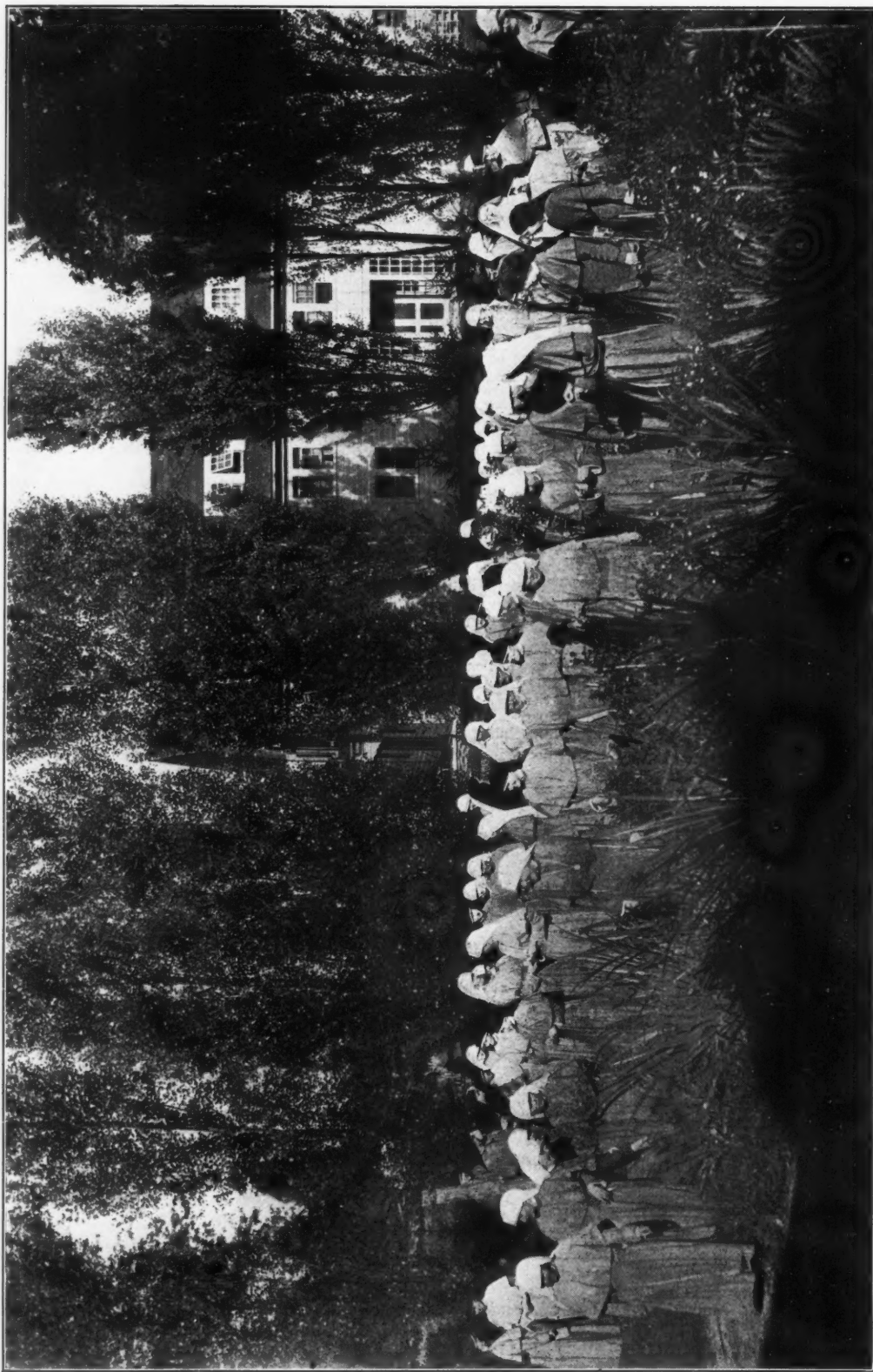
Loretta Walsh, Cleveland, Ohio; Sr. M. Benedict Scott, Passaic, N. J.; Sr. M. Sylvester Collins, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sr. M. Clement Quinn, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sr. M. Eleanor Hogan, Cambridge, Mass.; Sr. M. Regis McKenna, Somerville, Mass.; Sr. M. Reginald Silva, San Francisco, Calif.; Sr. M. Christine Kelly, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Sr. M. deChantal Galligan, Taunton, Mass.; Sr. M. Theodore Farley, New York City; Sr. M. Andrew Smith, Elizabeth, N. J.; Sr. M. Edward Diener, Cucamonga, Cal.; Sr. M. Lumena McMahon, Boston, Mass.; Sr. M. of the Angels Shimon, Pocahontas, Iowa; Sr. M. Celeste Rieman, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Sr. M. René Burns, Flushing, L. I.; Sr. M. St. John Brown, Holyoke, Mass.; Sr. M. deSales Mullen, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Sr. M. Rosalie Weber, Detroit, Mich.; Sr. M. Ligouri Quinlan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sr. M. Redempta Coffey, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Sr. M. Augustine Kuper, Baltimore, Md.



AT THE SISTERS' PROFESSION—RECEPTION.

Those who could not get inside were able to witness the ceremony from the lawn.

MANY FRIENDS SHALL PUSH OUR CAUSE.



IN THE MARYKNOLL COMPOUND NEAR ST. JOSEPH'S.
Where novices group for an outdoor recreation.

With so many Sisters professed, it is possible that some will go to the missions this year.

Our Brothers of St. Michael have mission ambitions, too. In the evening, when the work of the day is done, these zealous young men gather in their recreation room for a class in Chinese, and seem to enjoy it very much. The Brothers are losing no opportunity to equip themselves with every kind of useful knowledge, and we hope soon to be able to send out some as teachers.

A knowledge of photography is a valuable asset to a missionary, and we are fortunate in having with us Father Foto who not only teaches the art to aspirant apostles, but does much in that line himself. One of Father Foto's greatest delights is to take a group in several poses, uniting them all in one picture, so as to give the victim the opportunity to "see himself as others see him," or to take a picture during the evening recreation period without the aid of flashlight. His little tricks of photography are amusing now, but they can be used to good advantage later on, in reproducing for stay-at-homes the life on the missions, as only the camera can show it.

Among the early spring visitors was one from Borneo, a Fr. Quadekker of Mill Hill, whom the Maryknoll Superior met when the future Borneo missionary was a deacon in Holland. In the course of a talk to the students, Fr. Quadekker gave a helpful hint based on his own experience. He stated that while he was in the seminary, a priest in the United States established a correspondence between the students in a certain diocesan seminary and those in the English Foreign Mission House of Mill Hill. Fr. Quadekker was assigned to an American student who, as a priest for the past twelve years, has practically saved his correspondent's mission in Borneo.

This is June, and those who wish to enter Maryknoll Seminary or the Preparatory College in September will do well to make their application now.

Boys presenting themselves for the Vénard, our Preparatory College, near Scranton, Pa., should have certificates for entrance to high schools.

Young men who seek entrance to the Seminary should have completed Sophomore class in college.

At this writing, the coming ordinations of June 15 overshadow all other events. This ordination will bring into the ranks of the priesthood an unusually large number of candidates, no fewer than fifteen, whose names follow:

Bertin J. Ashness, Malacca, Straits Settlements; George C. Powers, Lynn, Mass.; Edward F. LePreille, Buffalo, N. Y.; Joseph O. Schmidt, Cleveland, O.; William A. Kaschmitter, Cottonwood, Idaho; Edward V. Mueth, St. Louis, Mo.; Constantine F. Burns, Toledo, O.; Joseph P. McCormack, Manchester, N. Y.; Francis J. Caffrey, Lawrence, Mass.; Hugh T. Lavery, Bridgeport, Conn.; Wilbur J. Borer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Patrick J. Duffy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Thomas V. Kiernan, Cortland, N. Y.; Joseph J. Shields, Philadelphia, Pa.; Leo A. Jones, Dowagiac, Mich.

Pray for their perseverance in their holy vocation and their responsible office.

Before Ordination Day will have passed, the announcements for the coming year will be made, and with that declaration one of the most promising organizations, the Dope Club, will close its meeting for some months. Every Maryknoller looks forward hopefully to the announcements of Ordination Day, and great is the rejoicing of those who are fortunate enough to have their names on the sailing list.

While the newly ordained priests are at home for their first Solemn Mass, the other students are enjoying (?) a session with final examinations. A "clean-up week" follows, in which the whole

compound undergoes a process of "chase the dirt"; and before the summer holidays begin, we shall have celebrated, in our own quiet way, our thirteenth birthday. Were we superstitious, we should probably omit this anniversary and go on to a fourteenth, as did a builder, recently, in the erection of an office building; but, "You can't get away from facts." Thirteen is the figure, and we are proud of it. God has been very good to us in these years, and we are confident that the same Divine Providence which has so visibly helped us "o'er moor and fen," will continue that protection in our work for souls.

After Foundation Day, half the student body goes to "home and mother" for four weeks, so that fond parents can be assured that Johnny is not starving to death, nor cultivating a pigtail preparatory to his future work. The time at Maryknoll during the remaining summer months is spent in manual labor on the farm, with some spare moments for study and recreation, which includes often a hike along country roads and a dip in the great river.

It is not all work and play at Maryknoll, however. The missionary must have cultivated the inner life to a great extent, and a deep spirit of piety fostered in the Seminary will prove one of his greatest assets in later years, when he will be much alone.

The little Chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes, at Fr. Ford's mission, is bulging, and the time is ripe for the permanent chapel on this thriving mission.

THE FIELD AFAR IS SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD; MARYKNOLL THIRTEEN.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY LIFE?

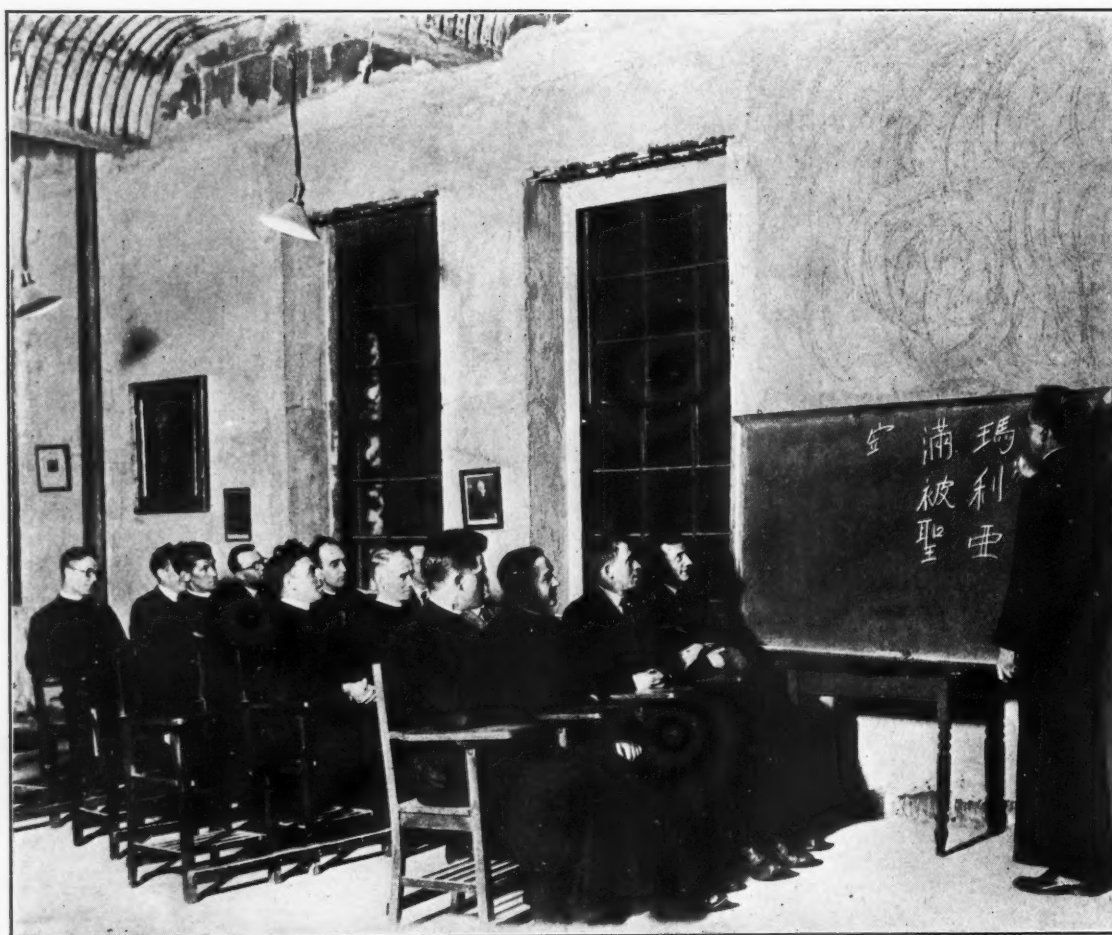
A GRATIFYING number of young men have answered this question by embracing, under God's moving grace, the religious life as Maryknoll Brothers. They have learned that this is one of the most certain ways of saving their own souls, and, at the same time, it offers unparalleled opportunities to do good to others. The Brothers become enormously wealthy in a few years, and never worry over burglars, because their treasures are in the safe vaults of heaven—beyond the reach of thief

and rust and moth. All the work of the day is given for God; this is the Aladdin-like touch that converts ordinary actions into supernatural gold.

A special reason for the steady growth of the Auxiliaries of St. Michael (the official name for the Maryknoll Brothers) is the large number of those who, through various circumstances, cannot or do not wish to study for the priesthood, yet are anxious to serve God in some other way on the foreign mission field.

If a candidate has skill along

medical, educational, or almost any other line of occupation, so much the better; but it is not a prerequisite. Indeed, at the Maryknoll base, a wide scale of activities may be noted: the farm and garden take the service of many the whole year round; THE FIELD AFAR uses shipping clerks, truck and automobile men, stenographers; those who have a bent for medical work find practical experience in the Seminary infirmary; laborers can fit in at all phases of the work. Already one Brother is conducting an Infirmary in China, which treated sev-



FR. FOTO TEACHES CHINESE TO AUXILIARY BROTHERS.

HOW SHALL THEY KNOW OF CHRIST

eral thousand patients last year; another, a skilled mechanic, is training Chinese youths in various trades.

The day of the Brother at Maryknoll is divided into periods for prayer, for labor, and for recreation. He learns the great spiritual lesson that *why* things are done is of vastly more importance than mere quantity of output. A small act performed for God is incomparably greater than apparently great works taken up from merely natural motives such as love of money or praise. For the coming combat with the power of darkness, for the souls of heathens, he labors to become firmly intrenched in the ways of God; daily, he recites the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, says the Rosary, and goes to Mass and Communion with this end in view.

RISING WALLS.

With spring well started, our Italian stone-masons followed the robins up from the South and began anew on our walls.

It was good to see them back, even if we did not know from what source their wages, at the end of the month would come.

They are a fine lot, mostly from Northern Italy, and they work well, so that we hope, as we believe, that they shall not be disappointed when pay day comes round.

This recalls to the writer that the Superior of Maryknoll would welcome anew memorial offerings for more student rooms at five hundred dollars each, or for other community rooms at a larger figure, should this appeal.

And really, even if you cannot be credited with any considerable portion of this great structure, don't let it go to the roof without your little pile of stones. Send for a stone card.

Catalogues and information in regard to Catholic schools will be sent upon request.

Address: The Field Afar.

Letter from the Angels' City.

THE special work of Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles has to do with schools, kindergarten and elementary grades, and nearly two hundred fifty Japanese children are at present under daily instruction. Recent communications from the City of the Angels (real and made up for exhibition through the country) have presented school activities, and our readers will be pleased to note in the following letter from the Los Angeles Director, Fr. William Stephens Kress, another phase of useful effort to promote the glory of God:

The latest convert at Mrs. Markle's tuberculosis sanitarium at Monrovia is Peter Damian Tekeuchi. He suffered severe hemorrhages and his end was momentarily expected. Both Fr. Kress and Sister Marianna spoke to him of Christianity. He listened closely; but requested time to think over the matter of his conversion. The day following, he asked for baptism. The saint of the day suggested his name. A few days later he was prepared for the other sacraments. Since that time, however, he has unexpectedly improved and there is a possibility of his getting well.

In March 18, a young man of twenty-four was baptized at the County Hospital, Marco Tokuyama. He surrendered his soul to its Maker on March 26, fortified with the sacraments.

There is an older convert at this hospital, Stephen Maeda, who is proving himself a veritable apostle among his Japanese companions.

The Japanese Maryknoll Circle in heaven is steadily gaining new members from among these "darlings of God" who die shortly after their baptism. The blessed ones are not unmindful of their beloved ones on earth. The husband of one, who died a year ago, came to the priests' residence to request an anniversary requiem for his departed spouse. "I must be what my wife is," he announced, "and our three-year-old child shall grow up in the same faith. Families should be one in their religious profession." Some one, undoubtedly, in that celestial Circle, was praying for him and her young boy. He spoke of his wife as if she were actually visible to him. Ties that bind are the ties of a love sanctified.

The missionaries in Southern California feel, at times, that in their ministrations to the Japanese, they are walking within close touch of the In-visible King.

ORDINATION GIFTS!

For that young priest just ordained, select a helpful and instructive book. It will be of lasting value. Here are some especially suitable:

OUR ANNIVERSARIES...\$.35

A charming little volume of meditations for nine important anniversaries of a priest's life. Well printed, on good stock, with a beautiful frontispiece. Bound in cloth. Adapted from the French of Abbé Gaduel, by Fr. Nevins, S.S., of St. Mary's, Baltimore.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR SERMONS.....\$2.25

Definitions, word-pictures, exemplifications, quotations, stories, explanatory of Catholic faith and practice. Gathered from the Sacred Scriptures, the works of the Fathers and Saints, and the writings of recent authors and preachers of note. 370 pp. Edited by Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P.

RELIGION OF THE PRIMITIVES.....\$2.60

An extremely interesting account of the beliefs of primitive peoples in Africa. This story is told by His Grace, Most Rev. Alexander Le Roy, Superior General of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, and is the result of the Archbishop's close observation as a missionary.

CONVERSION OF THE PAGAN WORLD.....\$1.50

Just the book you want for general mission information brought up to date. It gives facts covering the number of pagans, their religions, their attitude towards Christianity, the number of Christian missionaries, and the progress Christianity has made in the mission fields. It gives reasons for foreign missions, so clearly stated that they will carry conviction to those whom you wish to interest in the great cause.

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKS

See page 191

Well told, well printed, well bound, these books please the eye, the mind, and the heart. They are spiritual, informing, entertaining. The prices are unusually low.

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

UNLESS CHRIST CRUCIFIED BE PREACHED TO THEM?

Maryknoll-in-Seranton.

WAS there ever a schoolboy, or a college student, for that matter, who did not enter June eager for the final gong? Our boys, as much as they are in love with the Vénard, are human enough to welcome with a shout the "homegoing" day. The year has been long, the last month has witnessed their working at top speed, and they have justly earned a vacation. At that, a fair proportion have elected to remain for the summer months, dividing their time between study and labor in the fields.

Outstanding among the student events, here, is the annual Field Day, and all voted this year's the best ever. The late May morning dawned "brite and fair"; immediately after breakfast the fun began. It is quite beyond our ken where the costumes came from, but when the Grand Marshall, astride the long-suffering Blackie, gave the signal for the Grand Grotesque Parade, then did our startled eyes gaze on wondrous sights. In the vanguard marched the band, truly Oriental, for it made the air hideous as only a Chinese troop of musicians can. Floats depicted various happenings of the year, such as: the Rector directing the construction of the lake; the celebrated debate on the comparative merits of country and city life. Individuals scored hits with original get-ups. The opening gun was fired, and the day's sports began. Dashes, relay races, high and broad jumps, pole vaulting, putting the shot, the sack race—all held our interest; but the climax came with the obstacle race, when, after crawling through barrels, hurdling fences, climbing barricades, and negotiating other impediments, the contestants raced up the hill, ate six dry soda crackers apiece, and attempted to whistle "Yankee Doodle." It was a great day and taps never sounded more pleasant to the ear than on that evening.

Commencement month means much, of course, to the Seniors. As their college days draw to a close, greater dignity descends on them as a mantle, and yet it was noticeable how, alone or in small groups, they made pilgrimages around the grounds and buildings, even to the barn, for a farewell to the scenes of happy memories.

Baseball held the stage for some weeks and the team registered several creditable victories, but the sport was crowded off by the final examinations. Then a last visit to the Tabernacle King Who sweetly reigns over these generous hearts, and into the world's roar and bustle the sons of Vénard traveled.

Steadily for some time, mammoth trucks have chugged up the Summit road with building materials, so that



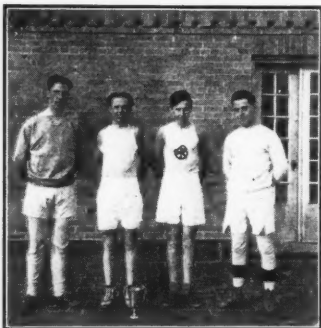
THE START-OFF.

all is in readiness to start on the proposed addition to the College. The wherewithal is not in sight at this writing, but God is good and will provide. In view of increased numbers and the probable extension of the college course, further building is imperative. Our fourscore and ten filled the present Chapel to capacity this past year, and we shall be hard put to fit in the new men. The permanent Chapel yet awaits a donor, a splendid opportunity to further God's work. Now if—but perhaps that is too much to expect.

Crops look most promising, thank you. The war on the weeds is waged daily, but we pause long enough for Latin and Greek classes. One misses the accustomed tumult of eighty, healthy youths and we suspect that they themselves cast longing eyes towards the Vénard. Indeed, every summer, homesickness drives a number back ahead of time.

It happened last March. Our boys were playing a neighboring school in basket ball. During the breathing spell, an observant student remarked to one of ours: "Nice colors you have, red and gold. I know the red stands for martyrdom, but what does the gold signify?"

"The gold! Why that means the eternal crown of the missionary, of course."



THE FINISH.

Maryknoll-in-Seattle.

SEATTLE, the Queen City of the Northwest, and port of departure, where the outgoing Maryknoller bids farewell to his native land and turns his mind to the scenes of his life work, catches and holds the missionary's attention en route to fields afar.

There is, however, another reason why Seattle should interest all Maryknoll well-wishers. It is the scene of actual missionary work. The Maryknoll Sisters have labored here with Japanese children for four years, years that were trying, not so much on account of the burden of mission activities, but because of trials untold, incidental to the commencement of any work for the salvation of souls, and peculiar to work among a people whose thought, language, and customs are so different from those native to the soil.

The fact, too, that the Japanese feel that they are not welcome by many here tends to erect a barrier which can be broken down only by the patience and kindness of those commissioned by Almighty God to bear the sweet message of salvation purchased by the blood of Christ for all men irrespective of race or clime.

Until the arrival of the Maryknoll Sisters and the opening of the kindergarten in a small rented house in the Oriental section of the city, the Japanese of Seattle had no knowledge of the Catholic Church and her purpose, except that gleaned from sources hostile to our Holy Faith. The work of the Sisters has done much to dispel this ignorance concerning things Catholic.

Only recently the father of one of the non-Catholic children, rose in an assembly of Japanese and spoke of the Maryknoll Sisters' work. His sincerity was demonstrated, a few days later, when he arranged to have his little girl taken to the Catholic Church every Sunday.

More than forty pagan children now attend Sunday Mass, and even after they have left the Maryknoll Kindergarten and entered the public grade school, many of them remain faithful to Mass and catechism. The Sisters hope and pray that the day is not far distant when they will be able to conduct a grade school in Seattle as in Los Angeles. This is absolutely necessary in order that their efforts may bear fruit, and it is only the lack of funds that prevents the realization of this hope.

The Japanese people have shown their appreciation in many ways, financially and otherwise. Recently, on the

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YOU CAN PROMOTE DEVOTION TO MARY

occasion of the birthday of one of the children, the father sent a note of thanks and enclosed a generous check.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Dea watches the work with keen interest, and though unable to help financially on account of the heavy burdens of a rapidly-growing diocese, his visits and fatherly words of encouragement are sufficient proof that the work is dear to his apostolic heart.

The clergy and religious of the diocese who have come in contact with the work, especially the Very Rev. Fr. Hanly, V.G., Fr. Stafford, and his assistants at the cathedral, and Fr. Culligan, S.J., have in many ways proved themselves true friends of the cause.

Among the laity, the presence of the Sisters and the nature of their work is not so well known. In a way, this is to be expected, in view of the short time the Sisters have been here.

The success of the work will depend largely on their cooperation. The practical interest shown by the Seattle Knights of Columbus on several occasions has been a great encouragement to the Sisters. The Maryknoll Circle, small in numbers but made up of women prompted by the love of God to indefatigable efforts to be of service, is a real inspiration to the Sisters.

Until November, the Sisters were without a chaplain. Only those called to the religious life can fully realize the void that is experienced by the absence of daily Mass. The Sisters were more fortunate than some communities in this respect, however, for the chapel of the Providence Hospital, where four of the Sisters are at present following courses, is only a short distance away and it was always at the disposal of the Sisters. With the opening of the Procure in Seattle, the Sisters now enjoy daily Mass in their own chapel.

THEY SAID IT.

I enjoy THE FIELD AFAR immensely.
—California.

Your magazine is worth five times \$1.
—California.

Our family would not be without THE FIELD AFAR.—New York.

I jealously preserve each copy of THE FIELD AFAR.—Louisiana.

Your FIELD AFAR is certainly a most interesting and attractive publication.
—Massachusetts.

Enclosed check is renewal of our Seminary's subscription for your excellent paper.—Indiana.

I enjoy every page of your magazine. I am, therefore, taking advantage of your offer for six years.—New York.

Education as a Method of Conversion in China.

MISSION methods vary with the centuries, and every change in the order of society makes a new demand on the missionary. Rapid transportation has spread new ideas, while group production and the use of machinery are working towards a uniformity of culture through the world.

In such a growing internationalism, the twentieth century missionary must labor. His predecessors, since the Apostolic age, encountered individuals, for the most part; he must encounter society. His predecessors relied on personal force; he must depend on organized force. His task is not more difficult; it is different. He



SMI LEE.

Looking for a Western education.

must, of course, love and work for the salvation of individual souls, but to reach the masses he should be an institution builder.

In some countries, notably in Asia, the missionary must build up institutions of learning, even universities that will set aright the minds of the nation's intellectuals, the molders of public opinion, and permit converts to enter the fold without being ostracized intellectually.

For the past twenty-five years, the Protestant foreign mission boards have met these needs by developing modern educational methods in pagan lands. They



have aimed to form a favorable public opinion and to develop leaders who would perpetuate the Protestant forms of Christianity. According to a recent report, \$1,757,845 (Mexican) is being expended yearly from foreign sources to maintain colleges and medical schools, which represent less than two per cent of all the schools under Protestant control in that country; and a recent recommendation calls for an increased grant on the basis of present attendance. It is safe to say that the Protestants have already expended more than one hundred million dollars on their educational work among heathen peoples. Regardless of the accuracy of this estimate, the fact remains that Protestants realize the importance of evangelization by education and are meeting this need by organized effort.

Our readers who have followed the history of the universities in the United States know that the last few years have marked a decided awakening on the part of Catholics to the fact that if they would protect their children and the nation at large from the insidious venom of materialism, they must rally to the support of the Catholic institutions for higher learning.

As the Church at home needs the universities in its work of conversion, so it does in the Orient. Today the missionary places a school under the shadow of a cross.

The youth of Asia demands education and will have it from Westerners, Catholic or non-Catholic. Whether the Catholic Church will offer the learning it has given to other nations depends on the Catholics of those other nations, who are now asked to repay their debt to God, passing on to others the blessings they enjoy.

BY HELPING THE WORK OF MARYKNOLL.

Late Letters

Yeungkong.

TO train a native of the Orient to be a priest is the holy ambition of every true missionary, and our men of Maryknoll, now out on the field, have their eyes open for likely subjects. With the establishment of the new prefecture, they look forward to a preparatory Seminary, and, already, some boys gathered from several of our missions are receiving instruction at Yeungkong.

In a recent letter from that mission, we read with special gratification:

We are starting with eleven boys grouped into two classes.

The course at present is a special holiday course, but when school resumes on February 11, the boys will have, besides the usual Ko Tang or Tso Tang studies, the following per week:

Five periods of Latin class

Three periods of plain chant and rubrics

Five periods of doctrine

The care of the sanctuary and sacristy.

The doctrine consists in "Iu Lei Tiu Kai" talks by the priests; lives of the saints; and elocution lessons using simple examples of doctrine as material. English is taught only in the Ko Tang.

The boys will sleep and study in their own quarters in the priests' house, and, for the present, eat at separate tables with the school boarders. Later they may be able to have their own refectory and better food.

The boys have shown an excellent spirit, and the grouping of all from the several missions has developed already an *esprit de corps*.

Kochow.

FR. PASCHANG, our missionary from "Missourah" is in good form again. He states that he has been "rambling over and around the hills for some months past and gorged on peanuts—carefully masticated, however." He writes in a letter to Maryknoll:

This is my first chance to be home for two weeks straight, since I took charge last July. In a few days the boys will be back for their second term of school, and, after they get going, I have to take the trail again for several more weeks.

I passed the end of the year down at Fachow. It is about a nine hours' trip from here, by foot, but I made it in little over seven on E. Yip's gift horse, and he is no "In Memoriam" either, although his pace is funereal. Fr. Cairns is quite delighted with the place. Best thing about it is that it is in the shadow of the Noble City, and caressed by the waters of the same stream that has laved the feet of my dear old Kochow. Fachow is opened at an opportune time for me, since I find that I cannot afford many catechists, and Fr. Cairns has already saved the jobs of several I had to let go for lack of funds.

The first term of Sacred Heart Academy (no less!) was quite successful, although the averages attained in the exams do not give evidence of it. But it must be taken into consideration that attendance is also figured in the average, and our best students got low notes because they had to go home frequently to look after affairs there. I suppose at least half of them are married, and one of them has his son at school with him. It is not a case of deferred vocation that he begins this late, but because of the custom prevalent hereabouts, that in the division of a clan's common profit, a larger share goes to the holder of a diploma. His clan happens to have a lot of common property.

Hoingan.

PHILADELPHIA'S representative in the Maryknoll sector is Fr. Thomas A. O'Melia, who—if we may whisper it—entered the Vénard, our Preparatory College, in short pantaloons, and came forth full-fledged with a year of university training to his credit. He is now within sight of Sancian Island, on the shores of the South China Sea, and, from a nice little batch of comments, we draw for our readers the following:

Fr. Meyer went away two days ago, leaving me all by my lonesome. This morning there was a better crowd than usual at a week-day Mass. Immediately after I had unvested, the "Sister Sacristan" began telling me something,

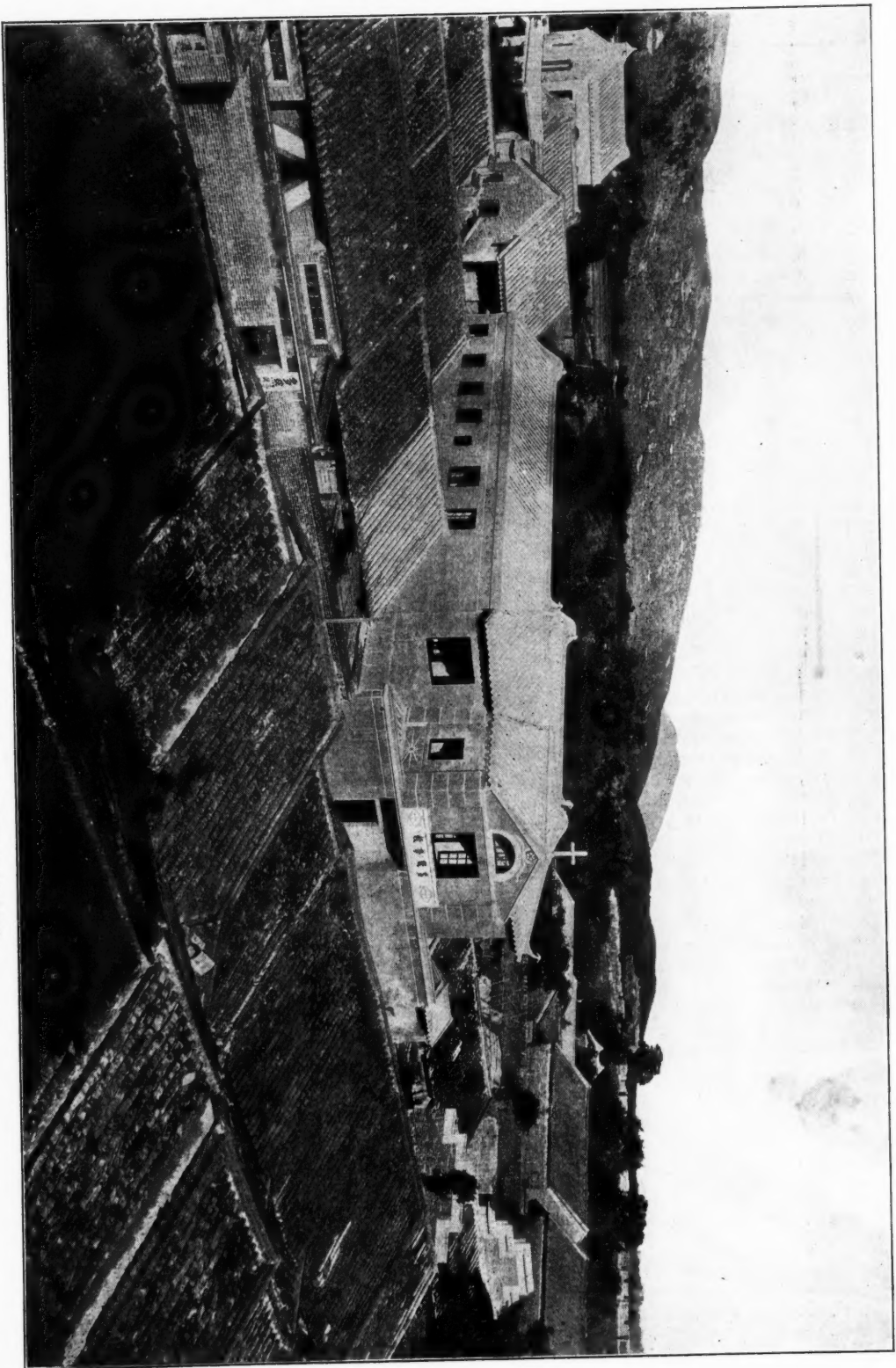
but what she was saying I could not for the life of me make out. Finally she resorted to the Esperanto of action and motioned to me to follow, at the same time making what I guessed to be the form of a cross. It dawned on me then that perhaps I was supposed to wish everybody a Happy New Year and give them a blessing, which was exactly the case; but just how was I supposed to do it? I felt more awkward than a minister appearing on solemn ceremonies for the first time. Anyhow, I followed, meeker than a lamb, for a lamb does bleat, and I did not make a sound.

Downstairs, in our house, the outside door opens into a large room—my hall of execution. When I got there I found the congregation gathered 'round the door, and, as I passed, they began bowing and *T'in che po you-ing*. That brought back my courage and I imitated them, bowing as I went by, and saying *T'in che po you* (God bless you) as often as I could get it out. The room has no furniture, but in the center I noticed that someone had placed a chair. It was for me, I was sure, so I lost no time in reaching it. I knew at least that my knees would not shake. I sat down and faced the crowd, which had piled in after me. Everyone was smiling, all ducking their heads and murmuring something or other. I was not exactly nervous and I put on my winsomest smile. I rather suspect it was more like the "cheerful" grin, full of self-confidence, that the average boy wears when he gives a poem in public for the first time. I parried a few moments, trying to find or make up Chinese sounds to say I shared the happy spirit. Then they all knelt down and I gave them a blessing, one into which I put my whole heart.

May I ask you to urge friends to give to us the Our Father and three Hail Marys at the end of the rosary? Prayers, prayers, prayers.

Did you note the fact that in a recent examination for entrance to the Yeungkong Middle School, six of Fr. Ford's Catholic boys won the following places: first, second, third, fourth, seventh, and tenth? There were ninety contestants. The quarters for Fr. Ford's school-boys are wholly insufficient, and he must build. His splendid work deserves your backing.

SCHOOLS ARE A VITAL NEED ON THE MISSIONS.



FATHER FORD'S NEW SCHOOL AT YEUNGKONG.

It still excites a donor in full or in part. Two thousand dollars was the cost. Do you want it as a memorial?



Medical Mission News.

SHORTLY after the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary opened its doors at Maryknoll, in 1911, courses in medicine were started through the kindness of Dr. Paluel J. Flagg, of New York City, under whose direction they have been continued. These courses were supplemented for groups of students by special instruction and practical service during the summer, in the Catholic hospitals of New York.

Maryknoll priests go to the missions, therefore, with some medical knowledge, enough at least to let them know that they don't know much, but, as events have proved, with such equipment as enables them to render first aid and something more. This is only a step but it will lead to better conditions, as medical friends become gradually more interested in what we are trying to do.

With the development of Maryknoll nurses, there will be needed small hospitals. These will not have to be the last word in hospital construction (far from it) but they will do much good to the bodies of thousands and save hundreds of souls.

The Medical Apostolate of Maryknoll is working toward this end. It is also interested in the physical condition of aspirant missionaries who are now safely directed when it is a question of needful medical or surgical care.

The Advisory Committee of the Maryknoll Medical Apostolate is made up of the following prominent physicians and surgeons:

John B. Lynch, M.D., New York
James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., New York
Raymond P. Sullivan, M.D., New York
Joseph Stanton, M.D., Boston
Michael F. Fallon, M.D., Worcester
Paluel J. Flagg, M.D., Secretary
Membership in the Medical

Apostolate calls for an offering of five dollars a year. Of this amount one dollar will be applied to a subscription for THE FIELD AFAR, the very popular magazine of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. The remainder, with a small reduction for clerical services and postage, will be applied to mission medical needs.

If you feel inclined to join us, please send for a membership blank.

Readers who live near enough to the metropolis may find it convenient to send their subscriptions to our Procure in New York, which is at 410 East 57th Street. There is always a representative of the Society at this house, where Maryknoll books and articles may be purchased. Should an interview with a Maryknoll priest be desired, this can be arranged. Stamps, tin foil, etc., can also be left at the Procure.

THE Brother in charge of our dispensary at Tungchen mentions, in a recent letter, types of cases which, at present, he must care for alone, for want of a physician in his section of "country":

This has been a week of excitement. On Monday, I had to make a six-hours' trip over the mountains to a young man who had attempted suicide. The people had traveled all night to get me. When I arrived, at four in the afternoon, the man was still alive, but was suffering intensely. He had cut his abdomen with a knife. I sewed him up, gave him a good wash, and, as he was conscious, baptized him. He was only eighteen years old and really did not want to die. He had quarreled with his mother over some money and thought only to bluff her. Poor fellow, the bluff was on himself.

Last night several soldiers brought one of their mates in a chair. The latter had been shot and the bullet had passed through his throat and left shoulder. I had no place to keep the poor fellow at the mission, so I went back with them to the village and treated him there. If blood poisoning

doesn't set in, he will live. They will have to feed him through his nose.

Today when I passed through the temple where my patient had been put up, I saw what I had often read about—the barbarities practiced on Chinese prisoners. Several bandits lay on the ground—one was an old man and very well dressed—with both ankles shackled and cruelly mutilated. One had his ear cut off and the blood was streaming over his face. When I politely asked one of the captains whom I had treated what they were going to do with them, he answered sweetly, "If they don't die before morning, we'll shoot them." There is no doubt that some of these bandits deserve what they get.

Our latest arrival at the mission is a little fellow found dying in a near-by alley. I carried him into the mission, gave him a bath (his first) and some nourishment, and soon he revived. He says his mother was too poor to support him, so she put some medicine into his eyes to make a mendicant of him. He is blinded for life. He is a cheerful little fellow, sitting in the yard, with a blanket wrapped Ku Klux fashion around him, and newspapers tied about his feet to keep him warm. At Mass, in the morning, he gets in a corner with his face to the door.

Recently, a skeleton of a baby, with only a few papers tied about him, was treated at the dispensary. After washing the little thing, I put a dress on him, which I had found tucked in with the bandages. Next day, the mother brought the baby in its new dress, but, having forgotten how it should be worn, she had put the little one's feet into the sleeves, and had gathered the rest of the dress together with a rope. The youngster is taking to nourishment, and promises to turn out fine.

An interesting item came recently from one of our priests in China, stating that the mandarin, the local mayor, had asked for medical treatment at our dispensary. When passing through the missions some months before, he had benefited considerably through treatment received, and, at that time, he requested that we open a hospital. This request he has lately renewed. But it cannot be thought of until a doctor can be provided.

Attention Chaplains!

**We need some Mass kits.
Will you ever use yours again?**



Around the Circles.

MAY the month of the SACRED HEART bring abundant blessings to the friends of the Knoll, and inspire every Circler to help realize "The World for the Sacred Heart"!

The trees and shrubs have burst into bloom. The tiny seed dormant all winter has pushed its way eagerly through the soft earth. Everywhere there is life. Maryknoll seed—mission interest—has it taken root near you? Have we talked Maryknoll and the foreign missions? Said a daily prayer—one *Hail Mary*—for the spread of the mission spirit? Have you interested any of your friends in THE FIELD AFAR?

Not every seed we scatter will bear fruit, for some falls on "stony ground." Or again, it may be that you will not see the harvest, for it is for one man to sow, and for another to reap. But regardless of the harvest, we can be generous in scattering the seed. Make the Sacred Heart month a Mission Circle Month! Every day give a thought to His work at Maryknoll; speak of it to someone. And of the seed you thus plant, some will fall on good ground and bring forth fruit a hundred fold.

Make the Sacred Heart month a Mission Circle month.

Many a reader of THE FIELD AFAR is associated with a group of friends who could be interested in the missions. Enlighten them. Start a Maryknoll Mission Circle. Groups of friends, family groups, three or more persons who may be gathered—such, through your efforts, may become living, moving forces in the mission cause.

Rule Suggestions:

Each Circle to have three or more members, who meet to pray and work for Catholic missions; each Circle member to enroll contributing members, if so desired; Circle to have a

secretary and treasurer, the two in one perhaps. Meetings to open and close with a prayer; once a month, Mass to be offered anywhere for the missionaries and their work; reading of some mission literature or letters from the CIRCLE CENTER at Maryknoll; members to agree on a regular offering to be handed to the treasurer at each meeting; following the reading of the minutes, etc., a social of some kind if desired; no discussion of persons or personal matters at the meetings; money collected to be forwarded each month to the CIRCLE CENTER, for the need designated by a majority of the Circle.

Do you wear a Maryknoll Pin—a Chi Rho?



A WREATH OF SMILES.

Start your Circle with three members rather than wait for more. It will grow more quickly when definitely organized. Do not be discouraged because your friends are not as much interested in the missions as you are. If their interest were as strong as yours, the need for the Circle would not be so great.

Write for a "Ticket O'Leave"—and send them over smiling.

St. James Court 817, Catholic Order of Foresters, Ill., has noted the needs of Maryknoll, and its gifts have been welcome. Let us hope other echoes from Foresters will reach us.

We welcome the cooperation given by the Kei-Fong Mission Club of New Bedford, Mass.; likewise the generous supply of household articles sent by St. Moses Circle, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Bishop Dunn Circle, N. Y. C.

Gifts were received also from St. Vincent de Paul Society, Conn.; St. Catherine's Normal Institute, Md.; St. Teresa's College, Mo.

Keep the engine going at the home base!

The members of the Aquinas Society, Minn., aided greatly the outgoing missionaries, with their gifts of vestments and other altar supplies.

The Maryknoll Yeungkong Mission Circle sent a splendid gift of over \$500 to the missions. This was raised by a reception and card party.

The Academy of the Sacred Heart, Mich., not only remembered the home base, but also the missions, with a "Gift Box."

At Maryknoll we know nothing of euchre or Mah Jong parties, movies, or similar distractions, nor do we engineer such activities for our benefit from this hill of ours.

Nevertheless, from time to time, we receive word that some Circle or group of friends is interested in one or other of the above diversions, and later we have the satisfaction of counting the returns. We are always grateful to those who so kindly burden themselves to relieve us. But we confess that, at times, we are fearful lest our friends should cross the lines of other charities—and get, or give, a bump.

Look out for the crossings! Be loyal to your parish and diocesan interests!

WHAT STUDENTS DO.

Here is a "Stringless Gift" of \$25.—*The Missionary Aid Society, Garrett Park, Md.*

We are happy to send this \$20. Please use it for the missions.—*Holy Cross School, N. Y. C.*

Please accept our good will and the enclosed check for \$25.—*St. Mary's Junior Unit, Paducah, Ky.*

Your playlet, entitled *The Spirit of the River*, received. Enclosed you will find the price of the copy (\$15)—*Techny, Ill.*

Enclosed is a bank draft for \$5. This is to be added to Circles' Missioner-support Fund.—*Mission Unit, Malden, Mass.*

Will you be kind enough to send about one hundred Mite Boxes. May God bless your good work!—*Stella Maris Unit, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The accompanying \$40 is in part payment for the support of a catechist. This is the third payment.—*Missionary Society, Manhattanville, N. Y.*

W R O T E " M A R Y K N O L L M I S S I O N L E T T E R S . "

Maryknoll-in-Korea.

FROM Gishu, far north in Korea, came, in March, a personal letter from Fr. Morris. We quote the following:

With plenty of clothing, this is a fine climate, healthy and invigorating. Fr. Cleary is strong for the "daily dozen," sometimes in the open, sometimes indoors. In the latter instances, Fr. Byrne joins forces with Fr. C., and I am the unsuspecting object of attacks, in which they do not adhere strictly to the regular exercises.

We all have our spiritual exercises in common, except the Divine Office, even to the Holy Hour. The hardest part of this missionary life is to realize the vast work before us, and to know how limited are our resources in view of the needs; and this with an eye on the gigantic efforts of our Protestant friends and the sacrifices they are making to spread themselves. I am sure I could preach a far more effective propaganda sermon than formerly.

While in Seoul, recently, to have a defective tooth attended to, I met at the cathedral the entire hierarchy of Korea. The four bishops were gathered to discuss the Korean contribution to the Missionary Exposition to be held in Rome, in 1925.

The Presbyterians' hospital in Seoul is the "big thing." This must be a paying proposition. I met many Presbyterians and several Methodists. Quite a few have been here for a length of time—thirteen, twenty-two, and thirty years—and all of them are "white" people and sociable.

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same.

Those of comparatively small means will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risk and waste of a will contest. At the same time they will be furthering the cause of foreign missions. We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.

Interested and Interesting.



LAST year nine of our Annuitants added to their Annuities. Why? Because they liked the way their interest came in. They did wisely in transferring funds that were yielding only four per cent and might never do any good to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, which would pay them more and assure them of no bitter wrangling among relatives and friends after they themselves have gone to God.

"A Native Clergy Burse for Korea" is a welcome announcement. This means that \$1500 has been set aside for the perpetual education of a native Korean for the priesthood. We wish to register this year, if possible, four more Student Burses for Fr. Byrne's new mission.

A pastor in Wisconsin sets aside for foreign missions the offerings gathered at his Lenten evening devotions. To those who attend and contribute regularly (the pastor evidently knows his flock) he sends, for a year, THE FIELD AFAR. This year he figured on one hundred families.

The Archdiocese of Boston reports, for last year, a disbursement of gifts and Mass stipends amounting to the sum of \$578,-831.28.

The report is most interesting and gives in detail the amounts sent to Japan, Korea, China, Indo China, Burma, Ceylon, India, Africa, Oceania, United States Possessions, Central and South

America, West Indies, Europe, Asia Minor, and Canada, to all of which it adds its beneficiaries in the United States, among whom Maryknoll is generously remembered.

A score of years ago, the total for the United States was hardly \$100,000, and some good people shook their heads sadly at the "idea of so much money going out of the country."

We have all grown more Catholic in twenty years, and our sight is improved. We see farther and on a wider arc. We are thankful. So, too, are those who benefit by our progress.

Pittsburgh Diocese reports a disbursement of more than \$200,000 for mission-aid last year. A fine sum, this, and Maryknoll was well represented on the list which included home and foreign missions.

Eleven hundred eleven is the figure for new subscriptions last month in California, and in looking over the list we find West Virginia credited with 603 and Texas with 200. Thirty-five other States have furnished new subscribers up to 6154. May they all stay with us!

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS.

Living: Rev. Friends 4; Mrs. M. McC.; F. X. H.; J. W. L.; B. D.; P. and M. R.; Mrs. J. S.; J. S.; Mrs. A. C. W.; P. U.; Mrs. E. S.; F. M.; M. C.; Mrs. M. O'C.; Mrs. M. G. M.; G. S. W.; S. and C. M.; J. S.; J. A.; Dr. and Mrs. J. W. F.; L. H.; Mrs. E. H.; T. McC.; M. H.; A. C.; A. C. McA.; Mrs. P. M. and family; A. C.; L. C.; Mrs. R. M.; E. E. S.; M. K.; I. S.; A. R. McN.; L. O'C.; M. O'C.

Deceased: William and Mary Mulaney; Belinda Moyles; Michael J. Mulcahy; Patrick Keefe; Mary E. Moriarty; Joseph B. Coupe; Daniel M. O'Connor; Dennis and Catherine O'Neil; Michael J. Mangan; Connor Kane; Mary Kane, Sr.; Mary Kane, Jr.; Francis Broderick; Jeremiah and Julia Herlihy; Neal and Susan Boyce; Annie Cunningham; John H. and Thomas Finnell; John J. Herbert; Bridget McCann; Shea family; Joseph F. Eldracher; Mr. and Mrs. P. Nolan; Mary Anne Kneid.

PRAY TO OUR LADY OF MARYKNOLL

STUDENT BURSSES.

A Bursse is a sum of money invested and drawing enough interest to provide board, lodging, and education for one aspirant apostle at the Maryknoll Seminary, or Maryknoll's Preparatory College, The Venard. Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor.

The usual bursse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar bursse.

Any bursse or share in a bursse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

FOR OUR SEMINARY.

St. Francis of Assisi Bursse.....	\$4,966.50
Bl. Madeleine Sophie Barat Bursse	
No. 2.....	4,574.18
Holy Souls Bursse (Reserved)....	4,500.00
The Most Precious Blood Bursse...	4,352.11
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Bursse.	4,050.00
All Souls Bursse.....	4,019.41
Sister Mary Pauline Memorial (St. Elizabeth Academy) Bursse.....	4,000.00
St. Patrick Bursse.....	3,894.99
Cure of Ars Bursse.....	3,593.20
St. Anthony Bursse.....	3,498.06
Trinity Wekanduit Bursse.....	3,498.53
St. Anne Bursse.....	3,241.50
N. M. Bursse.....	3,000.00
St. John's Seminary, Archdiocese of Boston	
Bursse.....	2,994.59
Bl. Louise de Marillac Bursse.....	2,037.21
St. Philomena Bursse.....	2,005.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Bursse....	2,500.00
College of Mt. St. Vincent Bursse...	2,500.00
Fr. Chaminade Memorial Bursse.....	2,466.80
Father Chapon Bursse.....	2,225.00
College of St. Elizabeth Bursse.....	2,205.00
Marywood College Bursse.....	2,098.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Bursse...	2,071.89
Dunwoodie Seminary Bursse.....	2,041.05
St. Michael Bursse No. 2.....	2,000.00
Holy Child Jesus Bursse.....	1,972.60
Mother Seton Bursse.....	1,860.58
Pius X Bursse.....	1,755.25
St. Dominic Bursse.....	1,734.07
O. L. of the Sacred Heart Bursse...	1,563.98
Duluth Diocese Bursse.....	1,411.70
Bernadette of Lourdes Bursse.....	1,357.75
Immaculate Conception, Patron of	
America, Bursse.....	1,161.23
Omnia per Mariam Bursse.....	1,120.00
St. Agnes Bursse.....	1,119.96
St. John Baptist Bursse.....	948.11
Susan Emery Memorial Bursse.....	724.27
St. Francis Xavier Bursse.....	713.28
St. Rita Bursse.....	697.15
St. Lawrence Bursse.....	646.25
St. Michael Bursse.....	642.50
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursse.....	512.03
St. Joan of Arc Bursse.....	424.01
St. Louis Archdiocese Bursse.....	404.00
St. Bridget Bursse.....	340.00
Holy Family Bursse.....	339.00
Children of Mary Bursse.....	290.05
St. John B. de la Salle Bursse.....	253.86
Maryknoll-in-Heaven Bursse.....	228.50
St. Boniface Bursse.....	217.65
Bishop Molloy Bursse.....	200.00
Our Lady of Victory Bursse.....	192.00
The Holy Name Bursse.....	170.00
S.S. Peter and Paul Bursse.....	150.00
All Saints Bursse.....	139.28
Jesus Christ Crucified Bursse.....	138.50
St. Jude Bursse.....	126.00
Archbishop Ireland Bursse.....	101.00
St. Joseph Bursse No. 2.....	100.00

FOR OUR COLLEGE.

Little Flower Bursse.....	\$4,370.45
Sacred Heart of Jesus Bursse (Re-	
served).....	4,251.19
Anonymous Diocese Bursse.....	3,000.00
Holy Eucharist Bursse (Reserved)...	2,100.00
Bl. Théophane Vénard Bursse.....	1,608.80
"C" Bursse II.....	1,500.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Bursse...	1,000.00
St. Aloysius Bursse.....	647.50
St. Michael Bursse.....	637.32
St. Margaret Mary Bursse.....	107.00
Immaculate Conception Bursse.....	106.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

The Completed Diocesan Bursse are:

St. Paul Archdiocese Bursse.....	\$6,000
Providence Diocese Bursse.....	5,000
Fall River Diocese Bursse.....	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Bursse (4) each.....	5,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Bursse.....	5,000
Columbus Diocese Bursse.....	5,000
Philadelphia Archdiocese Bursse.....	5,000

Books Received.

Life of Sister St. Rita of Cascia. By Rev. Dan. J. Murphy, O.S.A. D. B. Hansen and Sons, Chicago.

How to Choose, or Hints on the Deciding of One's Vocation. By Rev. J. I. d'Orsonnens, S.J., 1300, Rue Bordeaux, Montreal. \$6 per 100 and \$50 per 1,000 (postage extra).

Shower of Roses Upon the Missions. Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 343 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C. \$1.

MARYKNOLL MISSION FOUNDATIONS.

A native clergy and competent native catechists are the bases of successful and enduring effort in Catholic mission work.

\$1500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

\$4000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for baptism.

Additions to the incomplete bursse and funds in the lists below are invited:

NATIVE CLERGY BURSSES.

Our Lady of the Most Blessed	
Sacrament Bursse.....	1,000.00
Our Lady of Seven Dolores Bursse	
(In memory of Rev. Daniel J.	
Holland, C. S.S. R.).....	657.04
Our Lady of Lourdes Bursse.....	601.00
Maryknoll Academia Bursse.....	300.60

NATIVE CATECHIST FUNDS.

Yeungkong Fund, II.....	1,826.65
Abb. Williams Fund, VI.....	1,000.00
Holy Spirit Bursse.....	800.00
Fr. Price Memorial Fund.....	646.60
Bl. Julie Billiart Fund.....	360.00

REQUIESCANT.

Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide, of San Francisco, who was largely instrumental in bringing Maryknoll establishments to the Pacific Coast, died recently. We think of him with gratitude and regret his passing. Will our readers join us in prayers for his soul as also for the souls of:

Rev. Clement Caine, Joseph Strang, Mrs. Anton Deglmann, William Murphy, Mrs. Mary Bland, Thomas Turley, Annie Moran, Mary Attila Bourneuf, Patrick Toner, Agnes I. Delaney, Mrs. Bella McNamee, Catherine McCarthy, James Lydon, Mary McDevitt, Michael McGinn, Mrs. William H. McLaughlin, Katherine G. Broderick, Mr. Henry Beilman, Sr., S. B. Young, Mrs. Anne Harnett.

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210 pages, 16 illustrations. Blessed Peter Chanel, S.M., martyred in Oceania in 1839.

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293 pages, 16 illustrations. Adventures and labors of Rev. William Judge, S.J., in Alaska.

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112 pages, 3 illustrations. Selections from the letters of three young missionaries of the past century, together with sketches of their lives.

In the Homes of Martyrs.\$1.00

151 pages, 16 illustrations. Visits to the homes and home-folk of five young missionary martyrs of the past century.

Observations in the Orient\$2.50

320 pp. text, 80 pp. illustrations. An account of the Catholic missions of the Far East, by the Superior of Maryknoll.

Maryknoll Mission Letters\$3.00

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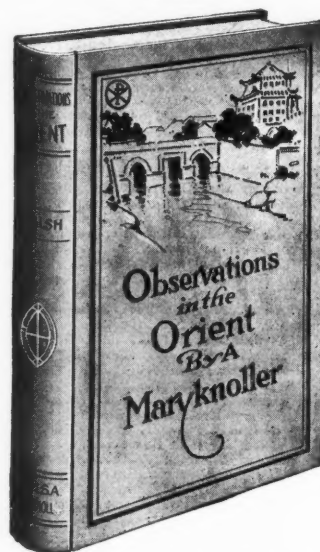
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